

THE LIVING AGE.

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DANTE'S REALISTIC TREATMENT OF THE IDEAL.*

To discourse of Dante, concerning whom, ever since Boccaccio lectured on the "Divina Commedia" in the Duomo of Florence, more than five hundred years ago, there has been an unbroken procession of loving commentators, must always be a difficult undertaking; and the difficulty is increased when the audience addressed, as I believe is the case this evening, is composed, for the most part, of serious students of the austere Florentine. The only claim I can have on your attention is that I am, in that respect at least, in a more or less degree, one of yourselves. It is now close on forty years since, in Rome as Rome then was, one repaired, day after day, to the Baths of Cavacalla, not, as now, denuded of the sylvan growth of successive centuries, but cloaked, from shattered base to ruined summit, in tangled greenery, and in the silent sunshine of an Imperial Past, surrendered oneself to

"quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume,"

that unfailing stream of spacious speech which Dante, you remember, ascribes to Virgil, which Dante equally shares with him, and to each alike of whom one can sincerely say:—

*Read before the Dante Society on June 13th.

"Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,
Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume."

But love and study of Dante will not of themselves suffice to make discourse concerning him interesting or adequate; and I am deeply impressed with the disadvantages under which I labor this evening. But my task has been made even exceptionally perilous, since it has been preceded by the entrancing influence of music, and music that borrowed an added charm from the melodious words of the poet himself. May it not be with you as it was with him when the musician Casella—"Casella mio"—acceded to his request in the Purgatorial Realm, and sang to him, he says,

"sì dolcemente,
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona."

sang to him so sweetly that the sweetness of it still sounded in his ears; words that strangely recall the couplet in Wordsworth, though I scarcely think Wordsworth was a Dante scholar:—

"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

Many of you remember, I am sure, the entire passage in the second canto

of the "Purgatorio." But, since there may be some who have forgotten it—and the best passages in the "Divina Commedia" can never be recalled too often—and since, moreover, it will serve as a fitting introduction to the theme on which I propose for a brief while to descant this evening, let me recall it to your remembrance. Companioned by Virgil, and newly arrived on the shores of Purgatory, Dante perceives a barque approaching, so swift and light that it causes no ripple on the water, driven and steered only by the wings of an Angel of the Lord, and carrying a hundred disembodied spirits, singing "*In exitu Israel de Ægypto.*" As they disembark, one of them recognizes Dante, and stretches out his arms to embrace the Poet. The passage is too beautiful to be shorn of its loveliness either by curtailment or by mere translation:—

"Io vidi uno di lor trarresi avanti
Per abbracciarmi con sì grande
affetto,
Che mosse me a far lo somigliante.
O ombre vane, fuor che ne nel
aspetto!
Tre volte dietro a lei le mani avvinsi,
E tante mi tornai con esse al petto.

"Among them was there one who forward pressed,
So keen to fold me to his heart, that I
Instinctively was moved to do the like.
O shades intangible, save in your seeming!
Toward him did I thrice outstretch my
arms,
And thrice they fell back empty to my
side."¹

Words that will recall to many of you the lines in the second book of the "Æneid," where Æneas describes to Dido how the phantom of his perished wife appeared to him as he was seeking for her through the flames and smoke of Troy, and how in vain he

strove to fold her in one farewell embrace.

"Ter conatus ibi collo dare braccia
circum,
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit
imago."

Similarly, the incorporeal figure in the "Divine Comedy" bids Dante desist from the attempt to embrace him, since it is useless; and then Dante discerns it is that of Casella, who used oftentimes in Florence to sing to him, and now assures the poet that, as he loved him upon earth, so here he loves him still. Encouraged by the tender words, Dante calls him "Casella mio," and addresses to him the following bequest:—

". . . Se nuova legge non ti toglie
Memoria o uso all' amoroso canto,
Che mi solea quetar tutte mie voglie,
Di cio ti piacchia consolare alquanto
L'anima mia, che, con la sua persona
Venendo qui, è affannata tanto."

"If by new dispensation not deprived
Of the remembrance of beloved song
Wherewith you used to soothe my
restlessness,
I pray you now a little while assuage
My spirit, which, since burdened with
the body
In journeying here, is wearied utterly."

Quickly comes the melodious response:

"'Amor che nella mente mi ragonia,'
Cominciò egli allor sì dolcemente,
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona
Lo mio Maestro, ed io, e quella gente
Ch'eran con lui, perevan sì contenti,
Com' a nessun tocasse altro la
mente."

"'Love that holds high discourse within my mind,'
With such sweet tenderness he thus began
That still the sweetness lingers in my ear,
Virgil, and I, and that uncarnal group
That with him were, so captivated seemed,
That in our hearts was room for nought beside."

¹ The renderings into English verse from Dante are by the author of the paper.

Not so, however, the angelic guide of the spirits newly arrived in Purgatory. Seeing them "*fissi ed attendi alle sue note*," enthralled by Casella's singing, he begins to rate them soundly as "*spiriti lenti*," lazy, loitering spirits, asks them what they mean by thus halting on the way, and bids them hasten to the spot where they will be gradually purged of their earthly offences, and be admitted to the face of God. The canto closes with the following exquisite lines:—

"Come quando, cogliendo biada o loglio,
Gli colombi adunati alla pastura,
Queti, senza mostrar l'usato orgoglio,
Se cosa appare ond'elli abbian paura
Subitamente lasciano star l'esca,
Perchè assaliti son da maggior cura;
Così vid'io quella masnada fresca
Lasciar il canto e fuggir ver la costa,
Com uom che va nè sa dove riesca."

"As when a flight of doves, in quest of food,
Have settled on a field of wheat or tares,
And there still feed in silent quietude,
If by some apparition that they dread
Asudden scared, forthway desert the meal,
Since by mere strong anxiety assailed,
So saw I that new-landed company
Forsake the song and seek the mountain side,
Like one who flees, but flies he knows not whither."

Now, if we consider this episode in its integrity, do we not find ourselves, from first to last, essentially in the region of the Ideal? Whether you believe in the existence of a local habitation named Purgatory, or you do not, none of us, not even Dante himself, has seen it, save with the mind's eye. It was said of his austere countenance by his contemporaries that it was the face of the man who had seen Hell. But the phrase, after all, was figurative, and not even the divine poet had,

with the bodily vision, seen what Virgil, in one of the most pathetic of his lines, calls the further shore. Moreover, for awhile, and in what may be termed the exordium of the episode, Dante surrenders himself wholly to this Ideal, and treats it idealistically. First he discerns only two wings of pure white light, which, when he has grown more accustomed to their brightness, he perceives to be the Angel of the Lord, the steersman of the purgatorial bark:—

"Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani,
Sì che remo non vuol, nè altro velo
Che l'ale sue, tra liti sì lontani
* * * * *

Trattando l'aere con l'eterno penne"—

lines that for ethereal beauty, are, I think, unmatched; and I will not presume to render them into verse. But what they say is that the Angel had no need of mortal expedients, of sail, or oar, or anything beside, save his own wings, that fanned the air with their eternal breath. The bark, thus driven and thus steered, is equally unsubstantial and ideal, for it makes no ripple in the wave through which it glides. But at length—not, you may be quite sure, of purpose prepen- sence, but guided by that unerring instinct which is the great poet's supreme gift—Dante gradually passes from idealistic and realistic treatment of the episode, thereby compelling you, by what Shakespeare, in "*The Tempest*," through the mouth of Prospero, calls "*my so potent art*," to believe implicitly in its occurrence, even if your incapacity to linger too long in the rarefied atmosphere of the Ideal have begun to render you incredulous concerning it. For all at once he introduces Casella, Florence, his own past cares and labors there, the weariness of the spirit that comes over all of us, even from our very spiritual efforts, and the soothing power of tender

music. Then, with a passing touch of happy egotism, which has such a charm for us in poets that are dead, but which, I am told, is resented, though perhaps not by the gracious or the wise, in living ones, Dante enforces our belief by representing Casella as forthwith chanting a line of the poet's own that occurs in a *canzone* of the "Convito":—

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona."

"Love that holds high discourse within my mind."

For a moment we seem to be again transported into the pure realm of the Ideal, as not Dante and Virgil alone, but the souls just landed on the shores of Purgatory, are described as being so enthralled by the song—*tutti fassi ed attenti*—that they can think of and heed nothing else. But quickly comes another realistic touch in the reproof to the spell-bound spirits not there to loiter listening to the strain, but to hurry forward to their destined bourne. Finally, as if to confirm the impression of absolute reality, while not removing us from the world, or withdrawing from us the charm, of the Ideal, the poet ends with the exquisite but familiar simile of the startled doves already recited to you.

What is the impression left, what the result produced, by the entire canto? Surely it is that the poet's imagination, operating through the poet's realistic treatment of the Ideal, and his idealistic treatment of the Real, has taken us all captive, so that we feel nothing of the *Incredulus odi* disposition, the unwillingness to believe, and the mental antipathy engendered by that unwillingness, so tersely and so truly described by Horace, but yield credence wholly and absolutely to the existence of a place called Purgatory, with its circles, its denizens, its hopes, its aspirations,

and purifying power. But, read where you will in the pages of the "Divina Commedia," you will find this is one of the main causes of its permanent hold on the attention of the world. Its theology may to many seem open to question, to some obsolete and out of date; its astronomy necessarily labors under the disadvantage of having been prior to the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, not to speak of the great astronomers of later date, including our own times; and its erudition, weighty and wonderful as it is, can occasionally be shown by more recent and more advantageously circumstanced scholarship to be faulty and inaccurate. But so long as these are presented to us nimbused by the wizard light that fuses the Real and the Ideal, we believe while we read and listen, and that is enough. The very first line of "Divina Commedia," so familiar to everyone, though it is to introduce us to the horrors of the *Inferno*, is so realistic, so within the range of the experience of all who have reached the meridian of life or even looked on that period in others, that we are at one predisposed to yield our imagination passively to what follows. But I must allow that the passage which does immediately follow, and which discourses of the panther, the lion, and the wolf, is so symbolic, and has lent itself to so many suggestions and interpretations, that, had the poem generally been conceived and composed in that fashion, it would not only have fallen short of immortality, it would long since have been buried in the pool of Lethe, which is the predestined resting-place of all untempered and unredeemed symbolism in verse. I smile, and I have no doubt you will smile also, when I say that I too have my own interpretation of the inner meaning of those three menacing beasts. But, be assured, I have not the smallest in-

tention of communicating it to you. I gladly pass on, gladly and quickly, as Dante himself passes on, to a more welcome and less disreputable apparition, who answers, when questioned as to who and what he is, that man he is not, but man he was; that his parents were of Lombardy, and all his folk of Mantuan stock; that he lived in the age of the Great Cæsar and the fortunate Augustus; that he was a poet—*Poeta fui*—sang of the just and right-minded son of Anchises, the pious Æneas, who came to Italy and founded a greater city even than Troy, when proud Ilium was levelled to the dust. In the presence of Virgil, we forget the embarrassing symbolism of the preceding passage, and believe once more; and, when Dante addresses him in lines of affectionate awe, that you all know by heart, and with repeating which all lovers of poets and poetry console themselves when the prosaic world passes on the other side, every doubt, every misgiving, every lingering remnant of incredulity is dismissed, and we are prepared, nay, we are eager, to take the triple journey, along two-thirds of which Virgil tells Dante he has been sent by the *Imperador che lassù regna*, the Ruler of the Universe, to conduct him. Prepared we are, nay, eager, I say, to hear the *desperate strida* of the *spiriti dolenti*, the wallings of despair of the eternally lost, and the yearning sighs of those "*che son contenti nel fuoco*," who are resigned to purgatorial pain, and scarce suffer from it, since they are buoyed up by the hope of finally joining the *beate genti*, and, along with the blessed, seeing the Face of God.

"Allor sì mosse, ed io gli tenni dietro," says Dante in the closing line of this, the First Canto of the "*Divina Commedia*."

"Then moved he on, and I paced after him."

Could you have a more realistic touch? So realistic, so real, is it, in the Realm of the Ideal, that, just as Dante followed Virgil, so we follow both, humble and unquestioning believers in whatever may be told us.

I am not unaware that, in an age in which the approval of inflexibly avenging justice consequent on wrongdoing is less marked and less frequent than sentimental compassion for the wrongdoer, the punishments inflicted in the *Inferno* for the infraction of the Divine Law, as Dante understood it, are found repellent by many persons, and agreeable to few. I grant that they are appalling in their sternness; nor was Dante himself unconscious of this, for does he not describe Minos as "scowling horribly" as the souls of the damned came before him for judgment, and for discriminating consignment to their allotted circle of torture. Always terse, and therefore all the more terrible, he nevertheless exhausts the vocabulary of torment in describing the *doloroso ospizio*, the dolorous home from which they will never return. As Milton speaks of the "darkness visible" of Hell, so Dante, before him, writes of it as "*loco d' ogni luce muto*," a place silent of light, but that walls and moans like a tempestuous sea, battered and buffeted by jarring winds, finally designated

"La bufera infernal, che mai non resta."

"The infernal hurricane that ceases never."

Of those who are whirled about by it, "*di qua, di là, di giù, di su*," hither and thither, upward and downward, he writes the awful line:—

"Nulla speranza gli conforta mai."

"They have no hope of consolation ever,
Or even mitigation of their woe."

I could not bring myself, and I am sure you would not wish me, to cite more minutely the magnificently merciless phrases—all of them thoroughly realistic touches concerning ideal torment—wherewith Dante here makes his *terza rima* an instrument or organ on which to sound the very diapason of the damned; and, did he dwell overlong on those deep, distressing octaves of endless suffering, without passing by easy and natural gradation into the pathetic minor, he would end by alienating all but the austerer natures. But he is too great an artist, too human, too congenitally and rootedly a poet, to make that mistake. I am sure you all know in which canto of the "Inferno" occur the terrific phrases I have been citing, and need no telling that they are immediately followed by the most tender and tearful passage in the wide range of poetic literature. While even yet the sound of "*la bufera infernal*" seems howling in our ears, suddenly it all subsides, and we hear instead a musically plaintive voice saying:—

"Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
Sulla marina dove il Po discende,
Per aver pace co' seguaci sui."

"The land where I was born sits by
the sea,
Unto whose shore a restless river rolls,
To be at peace with all its followers."

Then comes the love-story of Paola Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini, told in such exquisite accents, so veiled in music, so transfigured by verse, that even the sternest moralist, I imagine, can hardly bring himself to call it illicit. I confess I think it the loveliest single passage in poetry ever written; yes, lovelier even than anything in Shakespeare, for it has all Shakespeare's genius, and more than Shakespeare's art; and I compassionate the man or woman who having

had the gift of birth goes down to the grave without having read it. There is no such other love-story, no such other example of the *lacrymæ rerum*, the deep abiding tearfulness of things. Nothing should be taken from, nothing can be added to it. To me it seems sacred, like the Ark of the Covenant, that no one must presume to touch; and I own I tremble as I presume, here and there, to attempt, unavailingly, to translate it. It was my good fortune to be in Florence in the month of May, 1865, when the City of Flowers, the City of Dante, which then seemed peopled with nightingales and roses, was celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth of her exiled poet; and those of us who loved him assembled in the Pagliano Theatre to hear Ristori, Salvini, and Rossi repeat, to the accompaniment of living pictures, the best known passages of the "Divina Commedia." One of those supreme elocutionists, who still lives, recited the story of Paola and Francesca; and from her gifted voice we heard of the *tempo de' dolci sospiri* and *i dubbiosi desiri*, the season of sweet sighs and hesitating desires, the *disiato riso*, the longed-for smile, the trembling kiss, the closing of the volume, and then the final lines of the canto.

"Mentre che l'uno spirto questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì che di pietade
To venni men così com' io morisse:
E caddi, come corpo morto cade."

"While the one told to us this dolorous tale,
The other wept so bitterly, that I
Out of sheer pity felt as like to die;
And down I fell, even as a dead body falls."

This unmatched tale of tender transgression and vainly penitential tears almost reconciles us to the more ab-

stract description of punishment that precedes it, and the detailed account of pitiless penalty that follows it, in succeeding cantos; and the absolute fusion of the ideal and the real in the woeful story imparts to it a verisimilitude irresistible even by the most unimaginative and incredulous. Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, are names so familiar to us all, that any story concerning them would have to be to the last degree improbable to move our incredulity. But who is it that is not prepared to believe in the sorrows of a love-tale?

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

It is the greatest of all masters of the human heart, the greatest and wisest teacher concerning human life, who tells us that; and Dante, who in this respect is to be almost as much trusted as Shakespeare himself, makes Francesca, with her truly feminine temperament, say:—

"Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona."

"Love that compels all who are loved to love,
Entangled both in such abiding charm,
That, as you see, he still deserts me not."

As we hear those words, it is no longer Rimini, Ravenna, Malatesta, Paola, Francesca, that arrest our attention and rivet it by their reality. We are enthralled by the ideal realism, or realistic idealism, call it which you will, of the larger and wider world we all inhabit, of this vast and universal theatre, of whose stage Love remains

to-day, as it was yesterday, and will remain forever, the central figure, the dominant protagonist.

So far we have seen, by illustrations purposely taken from passages in the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" familiar to all serious readers of the "Divine Comedy," how Dante, by realistic touches, makes us believe in the Ideal, and how, by never for long quitting the region of the Ideal, he reconciles us to the most accurate and merciless realism. But there is a third Realm to which he is admitted, and whither he transports us, the "Paradiso." Some prosaically precise person would, perhaps, say that the thirtieth canto of the "Purgatorio" is not a portion of the "Paradiso." But you know better, for in it *Beatrice* appears to her poet-lover:—

"sotto verde manto,
Vestita di color di fiamma viva,"

"In mantle green, and girt with living light,"

while angelic messengers and ministers from Heaven round her scatter lilies that never fade; and when Dante, overcome by the celestial vision, turns to Virgil with the same instinctive feeling of trust

"Col quale il fantolin corre alla
mamma,
Quando ha paura"—

trust such as is shown by a little child hurrying to its mother when afraid, and exclaims, translating a line of Virgil's own—

"Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma,"

"O how I know and feel, and recognize
The indications of my youthful love;"—

he finds that Virgil, *dolcissimo padre*, his gentle parent and guide, has left

him, and he stands alone in the presence of Beatrice, and hears her voice, saying:—

"Non pianger anco, non pianger ancora.
Chè pianger ti convien per altra spada."

"Weep not as yet, Dante, weep not as yet,
Though weep you shortly shall, and for good cause."

Tearless, and with downcast eyes, he listens to her just reproaches, trying not even to see the reflection of himself in the water of the translucent fountain at his side:—

"Tanta vergogna mi gravò la fronte,"
"So strong the shame that weighed my forehead down."

And so he turns aside his glance to the untransparent sward, till comes the line, awful in its reproving simplicity:—

"Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice!"

"Look at me well! Yes, I am Beatrice!"

Then full and fast flow the tears, like melting snows of Apennine under Slavonian blast.

But there is yet worse to come, yet harder to bear, when, not even addressing him, but turning from him to her heavenly escort, she speaks of him as "*Questi*," "this man," and tells them, in his hearing, how much his love for her might have done for him, had he still lived the *vita nuova*, the pure fresh life with which love had inspired him while she was yet on earth. But when she was withdrawn from him to Heaven, when she was of flesh disrobed and became pure spirit, and so was more deserving of love than before,

"Questi sì tolse a me, e diesse altrui."

"This man from me withdrew himself, and gave Himself to others."

What think you of that as a realistic treatment of the Ideal? If there be any among my audience, members of the sex commonly supposed to be the wiser, who but partly feel and imperfectly apprehend it, then let them ask any woman they will what she thinks of it, and she will answer, "It is supreme, it is unapproachable."

After such an illustration of the power of Dante over one of the main secrets of fascination in great poetry, it is unnecessary to go in search of more. With illustrating my theme of this evening I have done, and it only remains to add a few words of repetition and enforcement of what has been already indicated, lest perchance, if they were omitted, my meaning and purpose should be misapprehended or overlooked. Did you happen to observe that, a little while back, I used the phrase, "the ideal realism, or realistic idealism, call it which you will"? But now, before concluding, let me say, what has been in my mind all along, and has been there for many years, that great poetry consists of the combination of Ideal Realism, realistic Idealism, and Idealism pure and simple. Upon that point much might be said, and perhaps some day I may venture to say it. In all ages the disposition of the more prosaic minds—by which term I do not mean minds belonging to persons devoid of feeling, or even of sentiment, but persons destitute of the poetic sense, or of what Poetry essentially is—has been to incline, in works of fiction, whether in prose or verse to Realism pure and simple; and the present Age, thanks to the invention of photography and the dissemination of novels that seek to describe persons and things such as

they are or are supposed to be, has a peculiar and exceptional leaning in that direction. The direction is a dangerous one, for the last stage of Realism pure and simple in prose fiction is the exhibition of demoralized man and degraded woman. In poetry, thank Heaven, that operation is impossible. No doubt, it is possible in verse, just as it is possible in prose, and perhaps even more so; and there are persons who will tell you that it is Poetry. But it is not, and never can be made such. Poetry is either the idealized Real, the realistic Ideal, or the Ideal pure and simple. In other words, as I long since endeavored to show, Poetry is Transfiguration. Attempts are made in these days, as we all well know, to get you to accept Realism pure and simple as the newest and most inspired utterance of the Heavenly Maid. But they will not be successful. In that great hall of the Vatican, whither throng pilgrims from every quarter of the world, and to whose walls Raphael has bequeathed the ripest and richest fruits of his lucid, elevated, and elevating genius, is a presentation of the Muse. She is seated on a throne of majestic marble. Her feet are planted on the clouds, but her laurelled head and outstretched wings are high in the Empyrean, and

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round her maiden throat is a circlet enamelled with the unaging stars. With one hand she cherishes the lyre, with the other she grasps the Book of Wisdom; and her attendants are, not the sycophants of passing popularity, but the eternal angels of God, upholding a scroll wherein are inscribed the words, *Numine afflatur*. She sings, only when inspired. That is the Muse for me. Surely it is the Muse for you. At any rate it was the Muse of Dante; the Muse that inspired the "Divina Commedia" through his love for Beatrice. As an old English song has it, " 'Tis love that makes the world go round," a homely truth that Dante idealized and transfigured in the last line of his immortal poem,

"L'Amor che muove il Sole e l'altre stelle."

"Love,
That lights the sun and makes the
planet sing;"

love of Love, love of Beauty, love of
Virtue, love of Country, love of Man-
kind; or, as one might put it in this age
of physical discovery:—

"Electric Love illuminates the world."

Alfred Austin.

THE LARK MAKES BRIGHTER SCHOLARS THAN THE MOLE.

I read (and that without my glasses' dint)
Life's open page;
It is a fair and goodly heritage,
And love I find three-quarters of the whole;
When of the kindly text I fear no stint,
Why should I pore upon the little print,
The crabbèd notes that only blind my soul?

Frederick Langbridge.

OLD AND NEW JAPAN.*

(Conclusion.)

III.

Side by side with the slow travail of Japanese thought, which had found once more, after centuries of error, the key-word of the nation's destiny, the invisible action of European ideas was doing its work among the élite. They slipped in unobserved by the tiny opening at Deshima. The Dutch—closely watched and contemptuously regarded though they were—inspired, nevertheless, a curiosity which was rendered keener by alarm.

Whoever had much intercourse with them became thereby suspect. The government used them as purveyors of information. They became "officers of sight and hearing" between Japan and the rest of the world. But though individuals were strictly forbidden to practise their incantations, the new ideas that crept in through the medium of their trade, infused even into the counsels of the learned the principles of Occidental science. Their pupils began to study astronomy, mathematics, medicine, botany, and natural history. It dawned upon the Japanese mind that the great Nippon was but a small section of the entire universe, and that the tyranny of the shoguns had hitherto cheated them of a priceless treasure.

From the end of the eighteenth century onward, Russians, English, French and Americans began to appear and make soundings along the coast. Like those birds which tell the sailor that he is approaching land, their flags gave warning to the archipelago of the Sleeping Isles that the world was upon them. In 1838 a

certain Shojo, or his friend Kazau,—it is uncertain which, for both paid for their temerity with their lives—published under the romantic title of "The Story of a Dream," a pamphlet as curious as it was instructive. The Dutch had warned the government that an American house, desirous of trading with Japan, had fitted out a ship named the *Morrison*, in which they proposed to send back to their homes seven Japanese subjects, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of China. The author imagines that as he lay one evening in a dreamy state between sleeping and waking, he found himself transported to a meeting of grave and learned men, where the tidings were being discussed. Should they refuse to receive this vessel as they had refused others? Were the old laws still to be enforced in all their merciless rigor? The dialogue was conducted in the tone of good society, without raised voices or excitement of any kind. To one already acquainted with the extreme deliberation of all Japanese discussion,—the waggings of the heads, the immobility of the figure squatted around a brazier—this academic debate presents a vivid image of the twilight gatherings of the period, whose boldest encyclopædists dreamed only of a timid emancipation, speaking in hushed voices and striving to deaden, as by felt slippers moving upon noiseless matting, the footsteps of their thought. We have in this dream an epitome of their whole ethnography. It is as artless as that figure of Atlas shouldering the world with which our geographies used to be embellished. They confound the name of the ship *Morrison* with that of the

*Translated for The Living Age.

celebrated Chinese scholar, whom they represent as a daimio in command of twenty or thirty thousand men. Nevertheless, they do finally arrive, by curiously roundabout ways, at the point of desiring that their country should be opened, or at least that its doors should be set ajar, in the interest of science and humanity.

And so, at the very moment when western civilization is preparing to force the barriers of Japan, the government of the shogun finds arrayed against it a highly intelligent minority, who feel the need of asserting their solidarity with the human species, and are conscious at the same time of a new sentiment of nationality, which a sort of popular mysticism and a better understanding of the Shintoist faith alike summon to the support of the emperor. They are indeed brave pledges for the future. The mortgage of the Tokugawa is about to expire. Will Japan engage in one of those wars of ideas which break up the soul of a nation as soil is broken by the plough, and let the light of heaven in upon the roots of its fundamental principles?

The arrival of the American squadron under Commodore Perry, in 1852, was destined to hurry the march of events, and to transform into a veritable *coup d'état* the first vague sketch of a revolution.

The shogun, his pride humbled by the formidable fleet and threatening summons of the American commodore, found himself obliged to treat with the barbarians, and thus furnished his old enemies, the clan who had been vanquished by Yeyasu, with such an opportunity for revolt as might never have occurred in the monotonous life of the hermetically sealed empire. In the men of the south, of Satsuma, Kioshiu, and Tosa,—the Sat-cho-to, as they are collectively called,—the obscure idealism ever at work in the

Japanese mind materializes into an active ambition. And, as is always happening in this land of contradictions, ideas escape and are diffused like vapor. The shogunate, which favors the Europeans in spite of itself, and is swayed in that regard by one of its ablest ministers—too soon assassinated—finds arrayed against it the men who, when once they have obtained the upper hand, will show themselves the most determined partisans of European civilization. The old emperor, whose brain is befogged by superstition, and who personally hates the foreigner, refers his case to princes, who, under color of restoring him, are plotting the exploitation of his patrimony. And these princes, in their turn, are led by samurai chiefs who have already passed judgment on the ignorance and incapacity of their masters.

During the sixteen years between 1852 and 1868, preparations were silently going on for the formidable conflict which every one foresaw. The clans of the south mustered at Kioto, and invested the imperial residence, where these mayors of the enchanted palace—the Kuges—were awake at last, and astir. Guerilla bands held the surrounding country, and the Court of Yeddo was fast being depopulated. The great wave of the Tokugawa was breaking in the sudden deaths of short-lived heirs. The shogun surrendered his hostages. Princesses—the wives and daughters of samurai—received the restitution of their feudal estates as sulkily as ever did a *Parisienne* recalled from exile at Quimper-Corentin. Their habits of luxury, their snobbishness, the fashion that obtains among them of aping the speech and poses of favorite actors, render them strange in the land of their birth, and the ladies of the provincial nobility surmise that these dolls of the shoguns will count for

very little in the big events at hand. Political caucuses are held in restaurants. Western science comes into play. If the government at Yeddo turns to us for military instruction, the Satsuma and other daimios apply to the foreigner for the means of becoming strong enough to cast the foreigner out. And Europe in general understands nothing at all of what is going on.

Japanese embassies are sent to Europe, and the men who compose them take account of the inferiority of Japan; nevertheless when they return to their country, their reverence for prevailing illusions, the sense of their own youth and of their utter inability to convince the valiant and pugnacious old *matamores*, added to the prospect of their own speedy succession to power when they will be able astutely to reap the benefit of blunders made and hopes deceived—all these motives combine to close their lips and cause them to rally smilingly to the support of a policy which aims at the overthrow of the shogunate as a preliminary to the expulsion of the stranger.

The shogunate was virtually annihilated in the very first battle. The last of the Tokugawa, Keiki—a clever man, but more apt at turning a Chinese poem than at commanding an army—wearied of the fight before it was fairly begun, and only too happy to decorate his weakness with the name of patriotism, abandoned his northern fleet and surrendered without a thought of his regiments and ships stationed in other places. The revolution was consummated—to the amazement of the revolutionists themselves.

The shogunate had been considered mighty, and behold the worm-eaten machine collapsed of itself—and the earth did not tremble under the shock of its fall! Only a cloud of dust arose, and when it cleared away there were the European Powers calmly posted

on the coast of Japan and mildly but firmly requiring of the youthful emperor the fulfilment of the shogunal promises.

I have had the honor of conversing with several of the Imperialist leaders who conducted that *coup d'état*, and who, from simple samurai, at once became great statesmen and magnates of the empire—such as the Marquis Ito, Marshal Yamagata, and Count Okuma. All agreed in admitting that they were confounded by the abruptness of their victory. But the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from it all is expressed in the words of yet another Japanese:—"Unfortunately for us," he said to me, "the revolution was over too soon. The little fishes come readily to the surface. It requires a long upheaval before the larger fry who live in the depths of the stream emerge into the light." The gale was not violent enough to shake the country to its foundations. Men were expecting a hurricane and they got off with a stiff blow. The most remarkable, probably, of modern revolutions was accomplished as if by magic, and the very men who provoked, or fancied that they provoked it, were unconscious of its extent.

It was a revolution in which abstract ideas bore no part. The only one which it pretended to formulate—that of the expulsion of strangers—was absolutely impracticable. The princes of Satsuma and Choshu, who proposed to intimidate and even to cannonade the European invader, were the first to succumb to the civilizing influence of his artillery. What could they do under the very eyes of the barbarians? The Imperialist samurai who had received a formal promise that the foreigner should be forced to evacuate the land of the gods, asked every morning whether the intruder was to go that day. The reply he received was an exhortation to patience, and grad-

ually—though no one ever admitted it—the fact became apparent that the intruder himself had become an indispensable element in the imperial restoration. But for him, discord would immediately break out among the southern clans, who were united against the shogun, but would be far otherwise if it came to a division of his spoil. The menace of Europe had become the best defence of the emperor; and the perception of this fact worked like a precious leaven and awoke, in the Japanese mind, a new conception of patriotism. Hitherto the country had been for the individual only a village, a clan, a province, an island. Now it had suddenly widened, so as to embrace the entire archipelago in one magnetic net. The feudal fences were about to be overthrown, the feudal ditches filled, the distinctions of class abolished. Between 1868 and 1875—thanks to the mere presence of certain Europeans—a small group of irresponsible ministers, *kuges* and samurai, were able wholly to demolish the feudal régime.

Their task was made easy. The people, careless of what was going on or amused by it, never stirred hand or foot. The majority of the daimios gave up their prerogatives with as good a will as the prisoner's who gives up his chains. They were not only liberated, but they were paid. Their purses were filled, and they had no longer to endure the offensive control of their inferiors. Never were barons more incommoded by their baronies. It was a race to see who would free himself first.

Unhappily the four hundred thousand samurai who lived on the property of the daimios, the "masters of the four classes," as they were called, seemed to be in a less pliable humor. The revolution which they had been so furiously fomenting for sixteen years, the victory which intoxicated them

for one hour, reacted against themselves. Yesterday they were its instruments; to-day they had become obstacles in its path. For ten centuries their order had ruled the archipelago; they had written its history and legends in their own blood; they had constituted all its moral greatness and unity. The sword that hung beside them was their "living soul." Whatever of disinterestedness or delicacy the civilization of Japan had brought forth, was identified with them. If any question ever arose of public grievances or governmental reform, they reserved to themselves in their solemn integrity, the privilege of ripping up their own intestines. The chief anxiety of men overtaken by revolution is usually to save their lives; all these people asked was to be guaranteed the high privilege of suicide. Poor souls! The effeminate lives of the daimios had relaxed their old enthusiasm for obedience; but their hearts were true to the interests of their clan. Their affections clung to the site of the feudal chateau and hovered about the dismantled temple. The one real desire of these strange revolutionists was stability. The framework of society might be remodelled if only it could immediately be made to wear a look of immutability. The greatest man among them, Saigo of Satsuma, elaborated a political program which aimed at establishing a form of government that would "require no further change for a thousand years."

With the exception of a few princes, all the men in power had sprung from their class; *parvenus* like Okubo, Kido, Ito, Okuma, all belonged to southern clans; but ambition, patriotism, some acquaintance with Europe had removed them out of their place. In Okubo the taciturn, a petty samurai of Satsuma and the personal enemy of Saigo, was embodied a rich deposit of

the hoarded intelligence of that province. He understood perfectly that a modern people can have no organization without a national army; yet the enrolment of merchants and mere farmers under the same standard with high-born volunteers was a blow at the fundamental principle of the order of samurai.

Deprived of their swords, reduced to a pension, which those who granted it were in a great hurry to pay off, duped and duped again, used by politicians who speculated alternately upon their ignorance and their pride—these unfortunates made a vain attempt at rebellion. Saigo, big-headed, bull-necked, wearing an impenetrable mask, filled the mountains of Klushiu with bloodshed which was already an anachronism. But these men, divided as they were by feudal barriers, could never have vanquished troops for whom the interior frontiers had no existence. They had no choice but to come into the compact of new cities. The emperor introduced railways; newspapers multiplied. That vulgar purveyor of Occidental and especially American novelties, Fukusawa, after publishing a "Historical Geography of the World" which inflamed the imaginations of the Japanese, launched a manifesto entitled "Let us Love Knowledge," wherein the pamphleteer made light of the barren honor of the samurai, and seriously maintained that the death of a hero who disembowels himself is no more profitable to the commonwealth than that of the merest *Kurumaya*!

Alas, the most grievous result of the Japanese revolution was that the men who achieved it found, thereby, employment for their inferior qualities only! Its effect upon the public conscience was to subvert all existing notions. The uncompromising virtue of the samurai isolated them in the midst of a society where intellectual curiosity was beginning to carry the

day over aristocratic puritanism. They could hold no place in the new order, save by compounding with their old ideal; and the first stages of their new elevation were singularly like a decline. They had ceased to be admired for strict obedience, stoical courage and contempt both of money and of death; and the men among them who succeeded best were those who could conduct a palace intrigue most successfully or make the best bargain for their princes with the rice-merchants of Osaka. Good business-men had been born in the shadow of the daimiat, and the scornful astuteness of the order had produced small Machiavels. The best of the old nobility—those whom I should call the Quakers of Confucianism, lived in close retirement. Others,—a great many others—victims of an utterly unpractical education, after spending the very trifling sum which the government had awarded them for ten centuries of glory, disabled by having been deprived of their swords and unfit for manual labor of any kind, slid rapidly down a steep descent, and landed in the most distressing compromises. Braver before death than before life, their example showed that honor so easily confounded with punctilio, affords but a fragile support to those who trust it exclusively. The future alone can determine with certainty whether it was absolutely necessary, in the interest of Japan, that statesmen who were samurai themselves should make of their own brethren so melancholy an example.

The new order in Japan was thus inaugurated, if not by a wholesale bankruptcy of honor, at least by the sacrifice of a certain kind of honor which had been for a long time the currency of noble souls. From this point onward the history of the country seems to me, for all its complexity, merely an illustration of the gradual conquest by the

idea of law of a people who had hitherto bowed only to a rough and incomplete sense of moral obligation banded down from age to age. It sounds very illogical. Usually it is the lower orders who stubbornly and patiently achieve their rights. Here certain principles of social equity, liberty, equality, seemed to fall from an unknown heaven, and they no more satisfied the deeper cravings of men's minds, than the introduction of tobacco satisfied their hearts. I do not say that these things are immaterial to the greatness of a nation; but he who would get glory from them, as well as profit, must have desired and discerned them beforehand. The benefits of the change never appeared to the Japanese themselves in the light of a reward for long sustained effort. The classes who had hitherto been sacrificed, regarded it only as the lucky caprice of a vaguely conceived Providence. A Japanese once said in my hearing: "This civilization is a mighty fine thing! Our climate is a great deal milder since we had it! Less snow, and the winters not nearly so hard!" He never dreamed, in his simplicity, of attributing to any conscious mind the inauguration of that more benign era of which he vaguely experienced the comfort. And, as a matter of fact, mind had very little to do with it.

That conception of a more humane life—of a balance of rights and duties at which we arrive so painfully by ways rugged and steep and set with stations of the cross, the Japanese thought to attain by simply soaring. They asked of our science and philosophy only material applications and immediate advantages. Ideas which we love, less for the advantage we derive from them than for their own beauty, the Japanese did not love at all, but thought they could adopt and make servants of them. Most of all—and this was, perhaps, in the begin-

ning the main object of their policy—they fancied they might learn from them how to find the crevice in our armor, that weak spot which they had never been able to discover, but their knowledge of which might keep us in check. One day in the Japanese Parliament, when orators were citing, in support of their opinions, examples from Greece, Rome, the French Revolution, and American history, a deputy cried out: "Give us some Japanese examples!" He was quite right, but so were the orators. They could not possibly have founded their modern theses on the past of Japan. Liberty, justice, respect for the rights of the individual—all that goes to make up the ideal of the West—"we should never have sought thee, if we had not already found thee!" The Japanese never "found" this ideal; we brought it to them; but, for good or evil, they are seeking it now!

And how are they seeking it? Cautiously, with no fixed method, with grotesque inconsistencies, yet in the best way, perhaps, if it be true that a national ideal ought to grow and ripen insensibly in the mind of the people before it is consciously and deliberately formulated by its leaders. Ever since 1875, Japan has been officially governed by the class whom a Japanese artisan once called "The Students." A samurai from Tosa, Itagaki—one of those rare politicians who pique themselves on remaining poor, a somewhat visionary person, whom his friends describe as equally versed in Jean Jacques and the Chinese philosophers—brought his learning and the fervor of his southern nature to bear on the development of the representative idea. He harried the ministers, petitioned the emperor, wore out all the roads in Japan, and at the head of a party which called itself "liberal" he persuaded the Students—who were then in power—that the establish-

ment of parliamentarism would be a great advance upon government by absolute monarchy. The emperor, in spite of his natural repugnance, had to promise a constitution, and to allow his ministers ten years to draw it up, and his people the same length of time to make themselves worthy of it. During these ten years, the parliamentarism that was to be, won its spurs in the incoherent assemblies of the Great and General Council. But its history, its angry sessions, its manifold corruption, its unreasoning opposition to the minister of the moment—whoever he might happen to be—its noisy mediocrity have made it, up to the present time, little more than an apish travesty of the European article. That the deputies should endeavor to obtain a responsible cabinet for the mere purpose of wantonly overthrowing it, is perhaps a natural idea, and one which might preclude the necessity of any other, were it not positively forced upon them by the fact that they are the representatives of the people who have no need of being represented at all. The time will come, however, when the organ will have created the function! A work is going on among those masses, under the three-fold influence of old habits, foreign ideas and peculiar economic conditions, the importance of which is but dimly understood.

The imperial restoration—which was less a restoration, after all, than an innovation—was powerless to break the fatal laws that govern the Japanese mind. The annihilation of the samurai as a social order could not prevent those who took their places—that is to say, the indiscriminate multitude—from falling into their time-honored mistakes. The samurai, supported by his prince in exchange for certain convenient services, yet quite independent of him, delivered from all the sordid anxieties and having only his own ad-

vancement to seek, became in the course of ages of peace, the very type of the functionary. The prince gave place to the state, and men looked to the state for what they had formerly expected to get from the prince. All the Japanese would like to be functionaries; but no more now than in the past is it true that the power is really where it seems to reside. You seek for it in vain. It escapes you. You fancy you have detected it—and lo, the thing has vanished! The emperor is controlled by his ministers and does not really govern. Yet the ministers, who are in no wise responsible for their acts to Parliament, are, somehow, at his mercy. The officials whom they appoint hold office at the pleasure of their subordinates. The director of schools is removable at the request of the professors; the professor at that of his pupils. The self-same man whom, when seated alone before his desk, you find full of confidence and sincerely desirous to serve you, will appear on the morrow—or maybe in the very next hour—when surrounded by his clerks and secretaries, hesitating, timorous, ready to evade all his promises. Orders are given, but whence do they emanate? They strike you as anonymous. The inferior has retained under the new régime all the complaisance and self-restraint with which the old civilization had armed him against the perils of absolutism. Power in Japan comes from below.

But while in the old day respect for ancient forms and a strenuous tradition went far to correct the evils and dangers inseparable from the then condition of things, it is far otherwise to-day, when the spirit of individualism and a utilitarian morality have permeated the entire mass of the people. What was once only an artfully disguised instinct of self-preservation now asserts itself boldly as a

civic right. Authority, stripped of the nominal prestige on which it formerly subsisted, has become but a provisional phantom. The old belief in the divinity of the emperor—the vague belief of a people that never essays to define its faith, and in whom the religious sentiment would shrink from drawing that line between the divine and the human, which is less fluctuating than that between the animal and the plant—that ancient belief is paling and wavering under the cold light of European reason. It is no mere superstition which is thus doomed to die. It is the very principle of loyalty; for, in drawing up that constitution where the sovereign refers to his celestial origin for the authority to make proclamation in his empire of the Rights of Man, the politicians quite overlooked the fact that if in the incongruous union that they were solemnizing, Japanese mysticism seemed for a time to invalidate Occidental theories, the latter were certain in the end to discredit Japanese mysticism. The work of these legislators was essentially academic, and what they produced was a constitutional *Henriade*. And since the people understand none but living issues, they will very soon begin to neglect theory for expediency, and sacrifice at one fell swoop both the emperor and their reverence for his divinity to the care for their own human interests. The truth is that the Japanese respects nothing which is not shrouded in mystery. In the days when law was a something which fell like a thunderbolt out of an unexplored region, he wisely confined himself to the narrow round of his daily duties and never overstepped its limits. He lived in a little spot of light amid thick darkness. But now-a-days, when the laws may be inspected by any body, he discovers to his delight, that each one of them occupies but a single fixed point; that they may be gotten

round, evaded, saluted with nominal respect, but turned to one's own account. Laws have delivered him from the dominion of law.

Is he any happier for his emancipation? I do not think so. That unwritten law which he formerly obeyed has been transformed. There is no longer any question of obedience to a code whose rules are engraved upon the innermost conscience and their sanctions in the hands of the judges. To-day a man must live and work to live. And no longer, as formerly, does he work at stated hours, always tolerably sure of the future; but he must labor without intermission and with no great confidence in the morrow. The cost of living has prodigiously increased, and what never happened during the severe famines of the olden time when men were shut up within their own little province and saw the same dying pangs endured by all about them, has come to pass now. I mean that European enterprise and the economic revolution has awakened men to a consciousness of those social inequalities whose injustice—or at least their seeming injustice—so cuts them to the heart; and the feeling is being constantly aggravated by the difference now so glaringly apparent, in a country where rich and poor once lived very much alike, between the wealthy speculator and the anxious wage-earner. The old feudal communities are tending to become syndicates, and the first ominous mutterings of socialism are in the air.

The Chinese war—which was to my mind one of the most important events in Japanese history—hastened all these developments. Insignificant in itself—a sort of military parade, if you will, whose details the combatants had been arranging for some twenty years—it had consequences which went far beyond the expectations of the political chiefs. They saw in it the salvation

of a constitution which was already menaced by parliamentary assault. But, what is of far deeper import, it gave to the new Japan the consecration of a heroic struggle—a sense of national pride. Enough has never been said in praise of the patriotism which fired all hearts from one end of the country to the other. It was a summons and a resurrection.

A resurrection of the old warlike traditions. The men of Japan found again their fortitude of the bygone time and the divine idea of country revived in a purified form the venerable worship of death. The military party came out of it more robust; and in spite of the persistent rivalries of the clans, it is the one thoroughly organized party—the only one which stands for the masses as a symbol of civic equality—and as such it is the party of the nation's hope.

The feeling of personal dignity awoke along with the consciousness of a common glory. The Japanese experienced the high joys of national solidarity. The Chinese battlefields rent away from the revolution, for one instant, its false ideology, and brought it home to the national heart. Men have ridiculed the vanity of the victorious Japanese and complained loudly of their arrogance. It has been said that the lowest of the people, servants, shopkeepers, artisans, *kurumayas*, have entertained ever since that time an intolerable conceit of themselves. The plebeian has been enrolled, and participates in the rise of Japan. It is as if he had been raised to the rank of samurai by retroactive legislation. He feels himself fully a man. His life has become more precious, and his rights more manifest.

Thus, then, as far as I am able to judge, the imperial restoration will result first in creating a wholly modern sentiment of national consciousness.

Personal loyalty will not be strengthened, but rather dissolved in a broader patriotism—less conducive, it may be, to the security of the country. And, secondly, in proportion as the European theories are found to contain precisely those anarchical tendencies which we have detected in the whole course of Japanese history, there will be a gradual growth among the masses of the revolutionary spirit. That populace whose action is and has ever been, a series of reactions, in which so many resigned souls continue to preserve, pliously and without profit, the tradition of the old-time courtesy, and the prerogative of silent self-sacrifice—that populace, I say, knows how to compass with a strange docility the painful subjugation of its own will. They are struggling—these Japanese masses—with an inheritance of servitude of which they had so long been unconscious that it had become almost instinctive. But their present rulers are harder upon them in the hour of emancipation than they ever were in that of tyranny. They are wrenching from them bonds which never galled, for the reason that they formed an essential part of their existence. Their deliverance has been a murderous one; and they are already beginning to refer what they suffer from the shackles they still bear to the wounds they received when the others were removed.

The present psychological state of the Japanese nation is assuredly a disquieting one; so disquieting that the men in power will be forced ere long to apply the European panacea. And we shall yet witness the evolution of that disciple of parliamentarism, Itagaki, who has been called "the living god of Liberty," in the direction of state-socialism. Political centralization, consummated under the protection of the army, by means of an absolute monopoly of industries and schools, labor and intelligence, may re-

sult in happiness for a people already appalled by its own attempts at emancipation. But I have an idea that the happiness of Japan is to be deferred a while longer.

On the very evening of the great festal day—after I had attempted with my mind still full of spectacular effects, to set in order some of my impressions both of the new Japan and of what I understood of its ancient history, I was crossing in company with a Japanese citizen some of the old feudal enclosures, and we fell into talk about the future of his country. The ruddy rays of the sinking sun streamed through the glades of the imperial park, and flung something like

a gigantic semblance of the Japanese flag across the ordinarily pallid sky. My companion, who was a personage of distinction, waved his hand toward the unseen palace, on which the sun's eye seemed to linger, and said, with a certain accent of sadness rendered the deeper, somehow, by the visionary splendor of the scene.

"Japan will continue tranquil just so long as that invisible dwelling shall shelter its present mysterious occupant. But I fear for my country on the day after his death."

And after a short pause he added:—

"Our people is easily governed only so long as power remains anonymous and impersonal. The thing I should dread above all others would be a too intelligent emperor."

André Bellesort.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE FRIEND OF THE CREATURE.

From ancient times certain divine and human personages have been supposed to possess peculiar powers over shy and savage animals. Bacchus had a predilection for panthers. In the Pompeian collections at Naples there are several designs of Bacchus and his panther; one of them shows the panther and the ass of Silenus lying down together; in another, a very fine mosaic, the winged genius of Bacchus careers along, astride of his favorite beast; in a third a chubby little boy, with no signs of godhead about him, clammers on to the back of a patient panther, which has the long-suffering look of animals that are accustomed to be teased by children. It may be noticed that children and animals, both neglected in the older art, attained the highest popularity with artists of the age of Pompeii. Children were represented in all sorts of attitudes, and all known animals from the cat to the oc-

topus and the elephant to the grasshopper were drawn, not only with general correctness, but with a keen insight into their humors and temperaments. The fondness of Bacchus for panthers is attributed to the fact that he wore a panther-skin, but there seems no motive for deciding that the one tradition was earlier than the other. The rationale of a myth is often evolved long after the myth itself. Perhaps all the stories of gods and animals originated in the simple belief that gods, like men, had a weakness for pets.

Much more important than any of these stories are the closely allied legends of the power of Apollo and of Orpheus in taming beasts. In each case, the *modus operandi* was music.¹ Like the greater part of myths, this

¹ In Hindu mythology, Ganadhya attracts a whole forestful of beasts in a far more marvelous way—by reciting his poems to them!

one was not spun from the thin air of imagination. Music has a real influence on animals; in spite of theories to the contrary, it is probable that the sweet flute-playing of the snake-charmer—his "sweet charming" in Biblical phrase—is no mere piece of theatrical business, but a veritable aid in obtaining the desired results. I myself could once attract field-mice by playing on the violin, and only the other day, on the road near my house at Salò, I noticed that a goat manifested signs of wishing to stop before a grind-organ; its master pulled the string by which it was led, but it tugged at it so persistently that, at last, he stopped, and the goat, turning round its head, listened with evident attention. Independently of the pleasure music may give to animals, it excites their curiosity, a faculty which is extremely alive in them, as may be seen by the way in which small birds are attracted by the pretty antics of the little Italian owl; they cannot resist going near to have a better view, and so they rush to their doom upon the lured sticks.

Legends have an inner and an outer meaning; the allegory of Apollo, Lord of Harmony, would have been incomplete had it lacked the beautiful incident of a nature-peace, partial indeed, but still a fairer triumph to the god than his Olympian honors. For nine years he watched the sheep of Admetus, as Euripides describes:—

Pythian Apollo, master of the lyre,
Who deigned to be a herdsman and
among
Thy flocks on hills his hymns celestial
sung;
And his delightful melodies to hear
Would spotted lynx and lions fierce
draw near;
They came from Othrys' immemorial
shade,
By charm of music tame and harmless
made;

And the swift, dappled fawns would
there resort,
From the tall pine woods and about
him sport.

When Apollo gave Orpheus his lyre, he gave him his gift "to soothe the savage breast." In the splendid Pompeian fresco showing a nature-peace, the bay-crowned, central figure is said to be Orpheus, though its god-like proportions suggest the divinity himself. At any rate, nothing can be finer as the conception of an inspired musician; the whole body *sings*, not only the mouth. A lion and a tiger sit on either side; below, a stag and a wild boar listen attentively, and a little hare capers near the stream. In the upper section there are other wild boars sporting round an elephant, while oxen play with a tiger; an anticipation of the ox and tiger in Rembrandt's "Garden of Eden."

The power of Orpheus to subdue wild beasts was one reason why the early Christians took him as a type of Christ. Of all the prophecies which were believed to refer to the Messiah none so captivated the popular mind as those which could be interpreted as referring to his recognition by animals. The four Gospels which became the canon of the Church threw no light on the subject, but the gap was filled up by the uncanonical books; one might think that they were written principally for the purpose of dwelling on this theme, so frequently do they return to it. In the first place, they bring upon the scene those dear objects of our childhood's affection, the ass and the ox of the stable of Bethlehem. Surely many of us cherish the impression that ass and ox rest on most orthodox testimony; an idea which is certainly general in Catholic countries, though, the other day, I heard of a French priest who was heartless enough to declare that they

were purely imaginary. "Alas," as Voltaire said, "people run after truth!" As a matter of fact, it appears evident that the ass and the ox were introduced to fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's manger, but Israel knoweth me not." But there arose what was thought a difficulty; the apocryphal Gospels in harmony with the earliest traditions place the birth of Christ, not in a stable, but in the grotto which is still shown to travellers. To reconcile this with the legend of the ass and ox and also with the narrative of St. Luke, it was supposed that the Holy Family moved from the grotto to a stable a few days after the Child was born. This is a curious case of finding a difficulty where there was none, for it is very likely that the caves near the great Khan of Bethlehem were used as stables. In every primitive country shepherds shelter themselves and their flocks in holes in rocks; I remember the "uncanny" effect of a light flickering in the depths of a Phœnician tomb near Cagliari; it was almost disappointing to hear that it was only a shepherd's fire.

Thomas, "the Israelite philosopher," as he called himself, author of the "Pseudo-Thomas" which is said to date from the second century, appears to have been a Jewish convert belonging to one of the innumerable "heretical" sects of the earliest times. It may be guessed, therefore, that the "Pseudo-Thomas" was first written in Syriac, though the text we possess is in Greek. It is considered the model on which all the other Gospels of the Infancy were founded, but the Arabic variant contains so much divergent matter as to make it probable that the writer drew on some other early source which has not been preserved. Mahomet was acquainted with this Arabic gospel and Mahometans have not

ceased to venerate the sycamore-tree at Matarea (rather dilapidated now) under which the Arabic evangelist states that the Virgin and Child rested. The "Pseudo-Thomas" contains some vindictive stories, which were modified or omitted in the other versions; probably they are all to be traced to Elisha and his she-bears; a theory which I offer to those who cannot imagine how they arose. A curious feature in these writings is the scarcity of anything actually original; the most original story to be found in them is that of how, when the boys of Nazareth made clay sparrows, little Jesus clapped his hands and caused his sparrows to fly away. This pretty legend penetrated into the folk-lore even of remote Iceland. Notwithstanding the fulminations of Councils, the apocryphal Gospels were never suppressed; they enjoyed an enormous popularity during the Middle Ages, and many details derived solely from these condemned books have crept into the "Aurea Legenda" and other strictly orthodox works.

The "Little Child" of Isaiah's prophecy was the cause of troops of wild beasts being convoked to attend the Infant Christ. Lions acted as guides for the flight into Egypt; it is mentioned that not only did they respect the Holy Family but also the asses and oxen which carried their baggage. Besides, the lions, leopards and other creatures "wagged their tails with great reverence" (though all these animals are not of the dog species, but of the cat, in which wagging the tail signifies the reverse of content).

This is the subject of an old English ballad:—

And when they came to Egypt's land
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,
Mary, she being weary,
Must needs sit down and rest.
"Come, sit thee down," said Jesus,
"Come, sit thee down by me,

And thou shalt see how these wild
beasts
Do come and worship me."

First to come was the "lovely lion," king of all wild beasts and for our instruction the moral is added: "We'll choose our virtuous princes of birth and high degree." Sad rhymes they are, nor, it will be said, is the sense much better; yet, hundreds of years ago in English villages, where, perhaps, only one man knew how to read, this doggerel served the end of the highest poetry; it transported the mind into an ideal region; it threw into the English landscape deserts, lions, a Heavenly Child; it stirred the heart with the romance of the unknown; it whispered to the soul:—

The Now is an atom of sand.
And the Near is a perishing clod;
But Afar is a Faëry Land,
And Beyond is the bosom of God.

The pseudo-gospel of Matthew relates an incident which refers to a later period in the Holy Childhood. According to this narrative, when Jesus was eight years old he went into the den of a lioness which frightened travellers on the road by the Jordan. The little cubs played round his feet while the older lions bowed their heads and fawned on him. The Jews who saw it from a distance, said that Jesus or his parents must have committed mortal sin for him to go into the lion's den. But coming forth, he told them that these lions were better behaved than they; and then he led the wild beasts across the Jordan and commanded them to go their way, hurting no one, neither should any one hurt them till they had returned to their own country. So they bade him farewell with gentle roars and gestures of respect.

These stories are innocent and they are even pretty, for all stories of great, strong animals and little children are

pretty. But they fail to reveal the slightest apprehension of the deeper significance of a peace between all creatures. Turn from them to the wonderful lines of William Blake:—

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries
And walking round the fold
Saying: Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep;
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.

No one but Blake would have written this, and few things that he wrote are so characteristic of his genius. The eye of the painter seizes what the mind of the mystic conceives, and the poet surcharges with emotion words which, like the Vedic hymns, infuse thought rather than express it.

A single passage in the New Testament connects Christ with wild animals; in St. Mark's Gospel we are told that after his baptism in the Jordan, Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness, where "He was with the wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto Him." In the East the idea of the anchorite who leaves the haunts of men for the haunts of beasts was already fabulously old. In the Western world of the Roman empire it was a new idea, and perhaps on that account, while it excited the horror of those who were faithful to the former order of things, it awoke an extraordinary enthusiasm among the more ardent votaries of the new faith. It led to the discovery of the inebriation of solitude, the powerful stimulus of a

life with wild nature. Many tired brain-workers have recourse to mountain ascents as a restorative, but these can rarely be performed alone, and high mountains with their immense horizons tend to overwhelm rather than to collect the mind. But to wander alone in a forest, day after day, without particular aim, drinking in the pungent odors of growing things, fording the ice-cold streams, meeting no one but a bird or a hare—this will leave a memory as of another existence in some enchanted sphere. We have tasted an ecstasy that cities cannot give. We have tasted it and we have come back into the crowded places, and it may be well for us that we have come back, for not to all is given to walk in safety alone with their souls.

Of one of the earliest Christian anchorites in Egypt it is related that for fifty years he spoke to no one; he roamed in a state of nature, flying from the monks who attempted to approach him. At last he consented to answer some questions put by a recluse whose extreme piety caused him to be better received than the others. To the question of why he avoided mankind, he replied that those who dwelt with men could not be visited by angels. After saying this, he vanished again into the desert. I have observed that the idea of renouncing the world was not a Western idea; yet, at the point where it touches madness, it had already penetrated into the West—we know where to find its tragic record:—

Ego vitam agam sub altis Phygiae
columinibus
Ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper ne-
morivagus?

The point of madness would have been reached more often but for the charity of the stag and the wild boar and the lion and the buffalo, who felt a sort of compassion for the harmless,

weak human creatures that came among them, and who were ready to give that responsive sympathy which is the sustaining ichor of life.

The same causes produce the same effects; man may offer surprises but never men. Wherever there are solitaries, there are friendships between the recluse and the wild beast. All sorts of stories of lions and other animals that were on friendly terms with the monks of the desert have come down to us in the legends of the Saints, and as soon as the hermit appears in Europe, his four-footed friends appear with him. For instance, there was the holy Karleff who tamed a buffalo. Karleff was a man of noble lineage who took up his abode with two companions in a clearing in the woods on the Marne, where he was soon surrounded by all sorts of wild things. Amongst these was a buffalo, one of the most intractable of beasts in its wild state, but this buffalo became perfectly tame, and it was a charming sight to see the aged saint stroking it softly between its horns. Now it happened that the king, who was Childebert, son of Clovis, came to know that there was a buffalo in the neighborhood, and forthwith he ordered a grand hunt. The buffalo, seeing itself lost, fled to the hut of its holy protector, and when the hunters approached they found the monk standing in front of the animal. The king was furious, and swore that Karleff and his brethren should leave the place forever; then he turned to go, but his horse would not move one step. This filled him with what was more likely panic fear than compunction—he lost no time in asking the saint for his blessing, and he presented him with the whole domain, in which an abbey was built and ultimately a town, the present Saint-Calais. On another occasion, the same Childebert was hunting a hare, which took refuge under

the habit of St. Marculphe; the king's huntsman rudely expostulated, and the monk surrendered the hare, but, lo and behold, the dogs would not continue the pursuit and the huntsman fell off his horse!

Evidently there is only a slight element of the miraculous in these legends, and none at all in others, such as the story of Walaric, who fed little birds and bade the monks not to approach or frighten his "little friends" while they were picking up the crumbs which he threw to them. Passing by many examples of the same kind, we come to St. Francis of Assisi, who, in some respects, stands alone.

How St. Francis tamed the wolf of Gubbio is the most famous, if not altogether the most credible, of the animal stories related of him. That wolf was a quadruped without morals; not only had he eaten kids, but also men. All attempts to kill him failed, and the townsfolk were afraid of venturing outside the walls even in broad daylight. One day St. Francis, against the advice of all, went out to have a serious talk with the wolf. He soon found him, and "Brother Wolf," he said, "you have eaten not only animals but men made in the image of God, and certainly you deserve the gallows; nevertheless, I wish to make peace between you and these people, brother Wolf, so that you may offend them no more, and neither they nor their dogs shall attack you." The wolf seemed to agree, but the saint wished to have a distinct proof of his solemn engagement to fulfil his part in the peace, whereupon the wolf stood up on his hind legs and laid his paw on the saint's hand. Francis then promised that the wolf should be properly fed for the rest of his days, "for well I know," he said, kindly, "that all your evil deeds were caused by hunger"—upon which text several sermons might be preached, for truly many a sinner

may be reformed by a good dinner and by nothing else. The contract was kept on both sides, and the wolf lived happily for two years, "nutricato cortese-mente dalla gente," at the end of which he died of old age, sincerely mourned by all the inhabitants.

If any one decline to believe in the wolf of Gubbio, why he must be left to his invincible ignorance. But there are other tales in the "Fioretti" and in the "Legenda Aurea" which are no-wise hard to believe. What more likely than that Francis, on meeting a youth who had wood-doves to sell, looked at the birds "con l'occhio pletoso," and begged the youth not to give them into the cruel hands that would kill them? The young man, "inspired by God," gave the doves to the saint, who held them against his breast, saying, "O, my sisters, innocent doves, why did you let yourselves be caught? Now will I save you from death and make nests for you, so that you may increase and multiply according to the commandment of our Creator." Schopenhauer mentions, with emphatic approval, the Indian merchant at the fair of Astrachan who, when he has a turn of good luck, goes to the market-place and buys birds, which he sets at liberty. The holy Francis not only set his doves free, but thought about their future, a refinement of benevolence which might "almost have persuaded" the humane though crusty old philosopher to put on the Franciscan habit.

(At this point I chance to see from my window a kitten in the act of annoying a rather large snake. It is a coiled-up snake; probably an Itongo. It requires a good five minutes to induce the kitten to abandon its quarry and to convey the snake to a safe place under the myrtles. This being done, I resume my pen.)

I have remarked that in some respects the Saint of Assisi stands apart

from the other saints who took notice of animals. It was a common thing, for instance, for saints to preach to creatures, but there is an individual note in the sermon of Francis to the birds which is not found elsewhere. The reason why St. Anthony preached to the fishes at Rimini was that the "heretics" would not listen to him, and St. Martin addressed the water-fowl who were diving after fish in the Loire because, having compared them to the devil, seeking whom he may devour, he thought it necessary to order them to depart from those waters—which they immediately did, no doubt frightened to death by the apparition of a gesticulating saint and the wild-looking multitude. The motive of Francis was neither pique at not being listened to nor the temptation to show miraculous skill as a bird-scarer; he was moved solely by an effusion of tender sentiment. Birds in great quantities had alighted in a neighboring field: a beautiful sight which every dweller in the country must have sometimes seen and asked himself, was it a parliament, a garden party, a halt in a journey? "Wait a little for me here upon the road," said the saint to his companions, "I am going to preach to my sisters the birds." And so, "*having greeted them as creatures endowed with reason,*" he went on to say: "Birds, my sisters, you ought to give great praise to your Creator, who dressed you with feathers, who gave you wings to fly with, who granted you all the domains of the air, whose solicitude watches over you." The birds stretched out their necks, fluttered their wings, opened their beaks, and looked at the preacher with attention. When he had done, he passed in the midst of them and touched them with his habit, and not one of them stirred till he gave them leave to fly away.

The saint lifted worms out of the

path lest they should be crushed, and during the winter frosts, for fear that the bees should die in the hive, he brought honey to them and the best wines he could find. Near his cell at Portiuncula there was a fig-tree, and on the fig-tree lived a cicada. One day the Servant of God stretched out his hand and said, "Come to me, my sister Cicada;" and at once the insect flew upon his hand. And he said to it, "Sing, my sister Cicada, and praise thy Lord." And having received his permission she sang her song. The biographies that were written without the inquisition into facts which we demand, gave a living idea of the man, not a photograph of his skeleton. What mattered if romance were mixed with truth when the total was true? We know St. Francis of Assisi as if he had been our next-door neighbor. It would have needed unbounded genius to invent such a character, and there was nothing to be gained by inventing it. The legends which represent him as one who consistently treated animals as creatures endowed with reason are in discord with orthodox teaching; they skirt dangerously near to heresy. Giordano Bruno was accused of having said that men and animals had the same origin; to hold such an opinion qualified you for the stake.* But the Church that canonized Buddha under the name of St. Josephat, has had at times accesses of toleration which must have made angels rejoice.

St. Francis of Assisi was a Fakeer or Dervish of the West. Even the name of *poverello*, by which he liked to be called—what does it mean but Fakeer or Dervish? When the inherent mysticism in man's nature brought

* It is at least curious to recall that Francis is thought to have been at one time a Troubadour, and that the Troubadours had many links with those Neo-Manichaean heretics whom Catholics charged with believing in the transmigration of souls.

the Dervishes into existence soon after Mohammed's death, in spite of the prophet's well-meaning dislike for monasticism, they justified themselves by quoting the text from the Koran: "Poverty is my pride." It would serve the Franciscans equally well. The begging friar was an anachronism in the religion of Islam as he is an anachronism in modern society. But what did that matter to him?

The pre-eminently holy Dervishes called Abdals lived alone in the desert with friendly wild beasts, over whom they exercised an extraordinary sway. There were several Abdals of high repute during the reigns of the early Ottoman Sultans. Perhaps there was more confidence in their sanctity than in their sanity, for while a Catholic historian finds it inconvenient to admit the hypothesis of madness as accounting for even the wildest conduct of the saints of the desert, a devout Oriental sees no irreverence in recognizing the possible affinity between sainthood and mental alienation. In India the holy recluse who tames beasts may be either Mussulman or Brahman; his vocation does not depend on belief in metempsychosis, for we meet him where that belief is not. Whatever is very old is still a part of the everyday life of the Indian people. Accordingly, the native newspapers frequently report that some prince was attacked by a savage beast while out hunting, when at the nick of time a venerable saint appeared, at whose first word the beast politely relaxed its hold. A very good authority by no means thinks that all these stories are invented.* In this case the hero is generally a Jogi, a Hindu, but it was a Mussulman anchorite who, a few years ago, thrust his arm into the cage of a tiger at Lahore in the conviction that the animal would recognize his holy power. Alas,

a zoological garden is not the forest primeval, and the tiger, nurtured by English officers, knew not the saint. He tore the poor arm so ruthlessly that the man died after two or three days of suffering, borne with heroic patience.

Those who try to divest themselves of human nature rarely succeed, and the reason nearest to the surface why, over all the world, the lonely recluse made friends with animals was doubtless his loneliness. On their side, animals have only to be persuaded that men are harmless for them to meet their advances half-way. If this is not always true of wild beasts, it is because (as St. Francis apprehended) unfortunately they are sometimes hungry; but man is not the favorite prey of any wild beast who is in his right mind. Prisoners who tamed mice or sparrows followed the same impulse as saints who tamed lions or buffaloes. How many a prisoner who returned to the fellowship of men must have regretted his mouse or his sparrow! Animals can be such good company. Still, it follows that if their society was sought as a substitute, they were, in a certain sense, vicarious objects of affection. We forget that even in inter-human affections much is vicarious. The sister of charity gives mankind the love which she would have given to her children. The ascetic who will never hear the pattering feet of his boy upon the stairs, loves the gazelle, the bird fallen from its nest, the lion cub whose mother has been slain by the hunter. And love, far more than charity, blesses him that gives as well as him that takes.

But human phenomena are complex, and this explanation of the sympathy between saint and beast does not cover the whole ground. Who can doubt that these men, whose faculties were concentrated on drawing nearer to the Eternal, vaguely surmised that wild

* *Wild Beast and Man in India.* By John Lockwood Kipling, p. 396.

living creatures had unperceived channels of communication with spirit, hidden *rapports* with the Fountain of Life which man has lost or has never possessed? Who can doubt that in the vast cathedral of Nature they were awed by "the mystery which is in the face of brutes"?

The Contemporary Review.

Beside the need to love and the need to wonder, some of them knew the need to pity. Here the ground widens, for the heart that feels the pang of the meanest thing that lives does not beat only in the hermit's cell or under the sackcloth of a saint.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

CHAPTER III.

In the police office sat a constable, writing at a high desk. My hasty entrance brought him to meet me.

"I wish to see the Chief," I said, "at once, if he is here."

The man seemed about to ask a question; but I felt that it was no time for ceremony. "It is a matter of urgency," I went on. "I must see him immediately."

He took my name and tapped at a door which stood on the other side of the office. After a moment he turned and beckoned me to enter. Then I found myself alone with the Chief Constable of Lechester.

He sat at a writing-table, with a sheaf of papers before him and a newspaper on the floor beside his chair. Rather to my surprise he was a comparatively young man, and, more to my surprise, he was a young man whom I had previously seen. He was, in fact, the very man who, scarcely an hour before, had spoken at my meeting in such a critical and unfavorable manner with regard to my discoveries.

This was surprising, and not entirely pleasant; so, also, was the fact of his being so young. I entertain very strong opinions as to the custom, which seems to be steadily gaining ground, of plac-

ing young men in positions of importance and responsibility. I have suffered much from the custom myself, and am therefore in a position to judge. Thus two circumstances combined to render my relations with this officer rather delicate.

When I entered he rose to meet me; but my visible excitement did not appear to affect him in the least. "My business is very urgent," I said. "It is connected with the robbery of jewels at the Hotel Petersburg last night. I know where to find the thief, and I want the assistance of yourself or one of your men."

"Indeed!" said the Chief Constable. "Pray, sit down, Mr. Crossley. I have just been reading the account in the *Echo*."

There was something so matter-of-fact in his manner that I could not but feel provoked. I have always felt a certain antagonism towards men of phlegmatic temperament, partly, no doubt, because such a temperament is so directly opposed to my own. I sat down, however, and plunged into my narrative at once, giving him a brief account of the incidents which had taken place, and also an outline of my own plans. He listened with the same calmness throughout. This attitude provoked me still further, and I saw at

once how the land lay. This young Jack-in-office had all the failings which are apt to beset men who are placed too early above the heads of their fellows. I determined that I would assert myself.

"I have brought the case to you," I said at the end of the story. "May I ask what you intend to do? Perhaps it may be just as well to mention that the time for consideration is limited."

He was evidently surprised, but took no notice of the sarcasm. The look he gave me was one of sharp attention. Then he replied:

"It is a very remarkable affair, Mr. Crossley, and I admire the way in which you have thought it out. But the case presents one or two weak points."

"Of course!" I said, quite politely.

Again he gave me a sharp glance.

"Mind," he went on, "I am not disputing your conclusions, but it may be just as well to look at things closely."

I had already looked at them closely; but I did not take advantage of his pause to say so. I began to feel curious as to how far the man's officialism would take him.

"In the first place," he continued, "this report in the Echo. You may not have noticed that it is built upon a hasty Press Intelligence telegram, and that the whole story is founded upon an alarm raised by a servant-girl in her mistress's absence."

"I have noticed all that," I answered, quietly. "But it seems to me that you forget one point of some importance; the facts of the telegram have been confirmed by my own adventure. I have seen the jewels, my dear sir."

"Quite so, Mr. Crossley, quite so. But that is another point to which I was just coming. If those diamonds were really stolen jewels, do you think that the man would have dared to return for the bag?"

"But he did return," I cried; "and

surely the spoil was worth some risk. Besides, how could he suppose that I had discovered them. A less careful person would never have opened the cases at all. He would have closed the bag at once on finding that it was not his own."

"Quite so," said the officer again, looking at me with an expression which I could not, at the time, understand. "Some men would have done that! And this brings me to another question, Mr. Crossley: Are you at all familiar with diamonds?"

"I hope," I said, "that I can, at least, distinguish between the genuine stone and the false."

"Very few people can," said the Chief Constable, tapping his desk with his pencil-case.

This was too much. It was quite plain that this man would see no reason in any views but his own. I had often heard of the contempt of an arrogant police for the efforts of private detectives, and here was a case in point. I stood up and looked at my watch.

"Sir," I said, firmly, "I have seen the Lenstol Diamonds, and I have told you what I require in order to secure them. Are you prepared to assist me or are you not?"

This was effective. The man looked into my face and saw that I was resolved to have no more. He rose from his chair smiling curiously.

"I am certainly prepared to assist you," he answered, with quite a change of front. "But I thought it might be as well to look at the matter from every point first. As it is, I will come with you myself. Please excuse me while I get my coat. There is really plenty of time."

He opened another door and left the room. In a very short time he returned coated and capped plainly and unofficially. I had told my cab-driver to wait, so the vehicle was still at the

door. As we entered it I directed him to drive at once to the railway station.

For a few moments we did not utter a word. For myself, I was too greatly perturbed by the passage-at-arms which had just taken place to desire any further conversation. After a while, however, my companion spoke:

"There are one or two other points, Mr. Crossley, which we might have discussed. Perhaps, however, you would prefer to leave them over until afterwards?"

"Decidedly," I said. "We have no time to discuss them now. As it is, we are late enough, and if we lose the train you will know where to fix the responsibility."

That answer silenced him. When it had been uttered I turned my thoughts to the case, looking it over point by point. The probable outcome of the adventure also presented itself to me in no unpleasant colors. There would be, no doubt, a great deal of publicity; and though I do not yearn for notice of this kind, I am yet old enough to know that it has its benefits. There would also, in all likelihood, be a substantial recompense in other ways for the time and trouble I was now expending.

We drew up at the station gates. "Now," I said, "we must see the booking-clerk. He may be able to give us some information."

"Very good, sir," said the officer; and in a moment or two we were within the booking-office. The clerk was a young fellow, now apparently rather sleepy, and also somewhat alarmed at our visit.

"This gentleman," said the Chief Constable, "wishes to obtain a little information from you.—Now, Mr. Crossley."

The man was evidently piqued, and intended to help me as little as he dared. This, however, suited me very

well, and I immediately turned to the clerk.

"Did you issue the tickets for the eight-forty-five local?" I asked. "I mean the train which runs no farther than Hinton Junction?"

"The eight-forty-five local? Yes, sir."

"Then did you notice one of the passengers in particular? He was a man carrying a brown-leather travelling-bag of medium size."

The clerk gave a look of intelligence. "A rather stout man?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes, rather stout."

"A red-faced man with a fair beard? He had a large brown hat on?"

"Yes, yes! You have his description exactly."

"He was a commercial traveller," said the clerk.

"Indeed!" I asked, smiling. "How do you know that?"

He did not exactly know how he knew it.

"Oh," he answered, lamely, "I see so many of them that I get to know their cut. He was exactly like one, at any rate."

The disguise had evidently effected its purpose in this case; but all this was beside the point. "He certainly looked like a commercial," I said, coldly; "but that is not the main question. What station did this person take a ticket for?"

The answer was surprising. "He did not take a ticket at all," said the clerk. "In fact, he did not, as far as I know, take the train at all. I only know the man because I happened to see him pass out of the station just before eight. He came up with the seven-fifty from Hinton Junction, and I haven't seen him since."

For a moment I was quite taken aback. Then I saw an explanation of the mystery.

"Would it not be quite possible," I inquired, "for this person to take a

ticket, and the train, without your noticing him?"

"Certainly, sir. He could have obtained his ticket through some one else; and, even if he had come himself, I might not have recognized him through the window."

This clerk was plainly a stupid fellow, who could only think of just one thing at a time.

"That, of course, is the very point," I said, impatiently. "Now, can you tell me what tickets were taken by the eight-forty-five?"

He was able to furnish this information at once. Three tickets had been taken for Lepping, an intermediate station, and five for Hinton Junction. There were no others. And I knew that Ashdon's must have been one of the five.

"Thank you," I said; "that will do very well;" and with that we passed out of the office.

The train was just being signalled, so there was still time. "The next thing," I said, hurriedly, "is to make things ready at Hinton Junction. It would be well to have a couple of men on the platform."

The Chief gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders; but his answer was satisfactory enough. "Very well," he said. "How many shall we require?"

"Two ought to be sufficient; and they ought to be in plain clothes, so that they may not alarm our quarry too soon."

We hastened down towards the telegraph office. I remained outside while my companion despatched the necessary message. It happened that one of the station officials was standing in the office at the time, and I could not help catching the words of a brief conversation between him and the Chief Constable just after the message had been sent. The official was evidently curious.

"Business, Mr. Wade?" he asked. "You're travelling late."

"Yes," answered the officer.

"Something up in Hinton, I suppose? Anything special?"

There was a brief pause. Then the officer answered, quietly:

"Nothing much. It's a kind of picnic, I fancy."

He spoke in such a level tone that I could not tell whether the remark was an intentional impertinence to me or only an evasion of the question which had been asked. I had no chance to consider, because just then the train came rushing in, some five minutes after her time. A group of waiting passengers emerged from various rooms and began to take their seats. We chose our own in an empty compartment of a second-class carriage. I did not anticipate a pleasant journey with such a companion as I had; but there was no help for it.

At the last moment when the train was on the point of starting, a man came rushing on to the platform and made straight for the nearest compartment. In fact, there was no time for him to choose a place, even if he had wished to do so; but the nearest compartment happened to be the one which we had selected for ourselves. At the instant of his appearance that door of the booking-office marked "Private," facing the platform, was hurriedly opened, and the clerk appeared on the threshold. He looked over towards the train with visible excitement in his face; but that was all we saw of him. After that glimpse we required all our attention for the new-comer.

He was a stout, blonde-bearded man, and he threw open the door of the compartment with a rush and commotion that were entirely unpleasant. A porter helped him in, and slammed the door upon his heels. In his right hand he bore a brown-leather travelling-bag, and his first act was to pitch this into

the rack. Then he sat down, breathing hard, took off his hat, and began to rub his glowing face with a large handkerchief.

Chambers's Journal.

One glance at that face was enough for me. This was Messrs. Fillottsons's representative!

W. E. Cule.

(To be concluded.)

MOORISH MEMORIES.

Morocco is the never-never land of Africa. Captious readers of the war news may, in their comfortable zeal, think the term applicable to other regions of that continent, but Morocco is the true land of rest, the country of to-morrow, whence are banished by Sheereefian decree and national inclination all the discomforts attending ambition, progress and punctuality. Here, disgusted with the haste of a hurrying world, sick of the obligations and exactions of a pretentious civilization more tyrannous than the slavery of the East, the pilgrim on life's toilsome journey may rest as a storm-tossed vessel in a mangrove swamp—rest and rust and be thankful for the chance—rest and rust and contemplate his dignified, white-robed, yellow-slippered fellows resting and rusting, untroubled with the fretting of a world wherein Christians cut one another's throat that they may liquidate wholly imaginary chances of a pavilion in Paradise.

In his Moorish garden, hammocked between two overlaid orange-trees, inhaling the fragrance of lime and lilac, shaded from the fiery enemy overhead by the cool verdure of mulberry, fig and pomegranate, the wanderer may here realize the true art of living, with no regret for the past, no unrest about the future. Or, rather, he might do so, were it not for that accursed leavening of Saxon restlessness in his blue veins, that element of the machine that spoils the man. In the

printed news-sheets just delivered by the fleet-footed *rekass*—a shrivelled stripling of Sus, who walked the two hundred miles from the coast for a couple of dollars—he is even now reading, with a feeling of contempt and wonder for the littleness of it all, the disasters on steamer track and railroad, the bickerings of rival diplomats, the reprisals of rival armies, the winning of a race, the coming of age of a princeling, the centenary of a poet, the divorce of an actress. What on earth do all these episodes of the civilized life signify to one breathing the atmosphere of Bible days, battling with mosquitoes and sun-rays, lost in a white crowd of worshippers of a creed that scorns innovation as it scorns women? Having, with a wet towel in lieu of white flag, patched up a truce with the sand-flies and mosquitoes, he muses peacefully on the beauties of the Moorish life, and the music of water plashing from a marble basin on the cool mosaic pavement below is soothing to him in this mood.

The rhythmic droning of laborers at work on a neighboring building is powerless to disturb his reverie, but an undeniable interruption comes at last in the form of a knocking at the outer gate. Up jumps the squatting blue-breeched soldier from his form beneath the pomegranate-tree, testifying in his drowsy awakening to the perfection of the one God, and flings open the gates; then hurls maledictions—and would

fain shut the portals too—in the bearded face of a miserable old Jew, who would seek the protection of the powerful *caballero inglés*. That unbeliever, welcoming any distraction from his somewhat protracted spell of *dolce far niente*, into a proper Eastern love of which he cannot deceive himself, bids the janitor admit the gabardined mendicant, and, with the aid of his interpreter, makes out a tale of sordid penury and rank oppression. And he presently sends the son of Shem away smiling with a morsel of his abundance, carrying his black slippers beneath the arm, as prescribed for the dogs of his race in that city of the followers of the Prophet, and with the firm assurance that the next of his accursed tribe to visit the garden will get no *fluss*,¹ but a generous dose of the bastinado to warm his uncleanly feet. This injunction to secrecy is a wholly gratuitous postscript on the part of the interpreter, who, being a high-bred Syrian, likes not such scum in the garden. Away shuffles the successful applicant, with an unnoticed *salaama* to the stolid foot-soldier at the gate; and doubtless, once outside, spits in his beard with scorn of the ease with which the dog of a Nazarene is duped, and with much wistful speculation of the wealth he quickly would accumulate for black-eyed Rachel and her curly-headed litter, if only he could sojourn awhile in the great Northern cities, in that fruitful (and, he thinks, unexploited) Bernsara,² where nest many pigeons well worth the plucking.

Of another stamp, as evidenced at a distance by the obsequious mien of the doorkeeper, is the next comer, a handsome and haughty Moslem, his mule stepping quickly with head reined back, his *gelabia*³ of rich silky material. With him—the gates being thrown

wide—there enters one of those privileged creatures of Eastern communities, half-nude, half-witted, holy and proportionately impudent, who have as good a time of it on earth as ever they can hope for hereafter. He will presently, when the soldiers and servants have duly touched with their fingers the one faded rag that girds his sacred loins, sit in a corner and drink tea with the company, unrebuked, even rewarded when his time comes to go. A picturesque feature of the Eastern life is this beggar *sherif*,⁴ who condescends to take tea and alms with the air of a prince-bishop. Well is it for him that in such communities charity is still a virtue for its own sake, not an advertisement, and alms pass furtively from hand to hand, with no published lists in order of amount tendered.

And now the green tea goes round, brewed in a metal pot, with stalks of mint and cubes of beetroot sugar—a sickly concoction in truth, yet preferable to the spiced coffee that is the only alternative in a land where the sons of men appreciate neither alcohol nor cold drinks of any sort, and the daughters of men lend not the grace of their presence to the festive board. Quantity, however, makes up for quality, and the tiny cups are replenished a dozen times ere the wealthier visitor has paid his last compliment and glanced longingly at his drowsy mule that has just abandoned its third attempt to bite the near leg of the soldier slumbering just out of reach. And with him the saintly visitor, gathering up his rag and clasping his alms, glides away, assuring his host that he may, at his special intercession, perhaps have the top attic of a pavilion in Paradise, and that his reward will thus be great, though the price paid was miserable (in other words, he must not

¹ Fluss are small copper coins.

² 'Land of the Nazarene,' i. e. Europe.

³ A white outer garment reaching below the waist.

⁴ A descendant of the Prophet.

rate heaven as trashy because it is cheap).

The Moorish evening follows swiftly on the day; the night on the evening. Hawks and kites are shrieking and whistling overhead; frogs serenade the moon from a neighboring ditch, breeding-place of mosquitoes; scorpions and centipedes meander in languid fashion from the foot of crumbling masonry and prospect for plump feet sitting loosely in their yellow slippers; and mosquitoes, having abstained during the hottest hours of the afternoon, renounce their pledge as the temperature falls with the light and return to their drinking-troughs with renewed thirst. The call to evening prayer sounds plainly from the not distant mosque—very real, very penetrating. "The God He is God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." And the pious glide, slippered and silent, to the mosque, and return home to their smoking kabobs and sandy bread. And the unbelieving wanderer bids his men prepare the evening meal, and is soon making inroads on his mysterious tins of food that bring a half-regretful memory of Westminster and the crowded lifts and pushing women at the Stores, and washing out the bad tea with good whiskey. To the orthodox mind he is an accursed creature, vowed to the world, the flesh and the devil . . . yet the more charitable would see in him a generous fellow, one who neither beats the beggar from his gate nor kicks his horse in the mouth, nor generally comports himself as a man of breeding should.

* * * * *

Once more alone, and now replete with indifferent food, the Nazarene lights a cigar and lies back in his hammock and muses over his two months' sojourn in that sleepy land—his landing at Tangier, his unrehearsed stay with the mountain chief over beyond

Amsmlz, and his final halt in the white city of the plain. Tangier fills his thoughts this balmy evening—the comely Eastern princess who keeps court on the threshold of two worlds, her courtyards thronged with modest paladins of finance and immodest diplomatists, Hebrews, Levantines, and Christians—who casts coquettish glances at that stern puritan Gibraltar, and dangles her white feet in the blue sea and glances occasionally over her shoulder at the desert, listening to the booming of guns before and the droning of prayers behind. Delightful, inconsequent maiden, all languishing glances and veiled passion and feline intrigue! in which European harem shall you at last shine?

Tangier once left behind, there comes the long ride inland, with the succession of home memories stirred by local color; the smiling fields of canary-seed, recalling bird-shops in Soho; wheat and barley, recalling Tattersall's; fig and vine, reminding him of early produce in Covent Garden Market, walled in by heaps of stones or by impenetrable cactus, defying all save the camel and the evil one.

Memories of the journey, its discomforts and its relieving humors, crowd on one another this peaceful evening at the journey's end—of orthodox chiefs who kept their faith, of others who kept everything else they could lay hands on; of ugly women who came near, and of beautiful women who stayed afar; of winding tracks and bubbling streams, grim old kasbahs,* white Seeds* wherein lie the cleanly bones of uncleanly men, of caravans of asses, and camels and mules. One day a hilly track with broad views of the burning plain; the next, the flat road, a mere scratch marked by the bones of fallen camels, too clean picked to stay wheeling vultures in their flight, with inspiriting glimpses

* Castles.

* The Burial-place of saints.

of the cool hills. Such vultures! mighty, bare-necked cleaners of the earth, the *chiffonniers* of the desert; blessed fowl, that keep pestilence out of the land and are sometimes rewarded by a careless bullet from the barrel of some idle hound passing through the country in a brief space, and caring not a Christian dollar, so long as he gets away safe, whether the plague comes there or not!

Our wanderer was not a sportsman of this stamp. He would without a qualm shoot many a brace of plump turtle doves for lunch on the trek, but he found no pleasure in pumping bullets into a huge, unwieldy bird, so important when alive, so foul a mass of carrion, reared on carrion, when dead. In and out of their burrows flashed the lizards, brown and green, not as the Latin has it, skulking from the ardor of the midday sun, but startled merely from their basking-stones by the nearing beat of horses' hoofs. Every now and then a slow impassive chameleon would in leisurely measure cross the sunburnt path and lose itself in the brown grass by the wayside.

* * * * *

Of a sudden his mood changed, and memory busied itself with the crowded markets of the city . . . their fencers, bloodless in their exercises as French duellists, their story-tellers, long-winded and fond of alms, and their snake-charmers, who toy with filthy adders, encouraging them to bite their owner's nose or tongue, in a manner calculated to make decent folk shudder.

* * * * *

Once again these musings are interrupted by a knocking at the outer gate. Once again the soldier flings open the massive doors, and, with sounds of merry greeting, three stalwart black slaves troop into the darkening garden, bearing on their heads a choice present of food from the late

guest. The dishes are placed on the marble pavement before the *caballero*; the beehive covers of straw plaiting are removed, and one discovers black olives, another kous-kous, a third a savory mess of chickens, rice and onions. The interpreter strolls languidly towards the scene.

"Tell them," says his employer, "to give their master my greetings and best thanks for his kind remembrance of me."

"May God be with you!" says the sweet-toothed Syrian; "thank your lord for his gift, and let him see that next time he sends new dates and green figs, for truly my companion loves them above all things."

"Give them half a dollar each," drawls the Englishman; whereat the Shaml¹ divides a quarter of a dollar among the three, makes a mental note to enter it as a dollar and a half in his weekly account of disbursements, and curses the head-slave, who murmurs a criticism of the meanness of the *baksheesh* for a scurvy dog, whose mother (of like ilk) was no nicer in her conduct than she should have been. (This, by the way, is how all Englishmen—and their protégés—are treated in the East, when too lazy to distribute their own alms. Is a Syrian gentleman to have no compensation for sojourning in so uncivilized a land?)

Silently, and with a grudging salaam, the three ill-requited blacks fade into the darkness; and the traveller tastes half a dozen of the black olives and gives the rest to his followers. These squat around the dishes and a guttering candle far into the night, chattering, singing, quarrelling, withal praising Allah, who fashioned olives and chickens and fools of employers who appreciate not such gifts from Paradise. And the unconscious object of their scorn puffs away contentedly at his

¹ Syrian.

cigar, giving himself up to the delicious *abandon* of a summer evening in a land five centuries behind the times, yet with passing qualms of regret for that home of his in the far North, where women show a little more of their person, and where cigars need not to be harvested on famine rations and gold flake treasured as if it were the precious metal itself.

* * * * *

Morocco is a paradise for the woman-hater. He who hath been scurvily served by the unfair sex may there find balm for his bruised spirit. Either woman is not seen at all or, if noticed in the public ways, is cursed and cuffed. Her highest ambition is to batten on sweetstuff as a caged bird on rapeseed; when her youth and beauty leave her, and kohl and henna no longer stave off the ravages of time and domesticity, she is thrown on public charity as a private nuisance. To the Moslem way of thinking, the New Woman would be as impossible of acceptance as is the New Testament. During his first few days in the land, any Englishman feels his blood boil at sight of skinny and uncomplaining old hags keeping pace painfully on the hot, sandy highway beside the mule that bears their husband, son, or brother; but habit softens the shock, and to his first impulse of rebellion in favor of an innovation of "equality" much abused in the fair cities of the North there succeeds a cynical acquiescence in this compensating survival of male ascendancy and female obsequiousness, this relic of the old order, at the gates of Europe and not quite at the antipodes of New York.

Woman in Morocco, he soon perceives, is no more than a domesticated animal; but then students of social evolution assure us that she was once on that footing, purchased and fed that she might do the work of the house and bear the race, in what are

now civilized communities. It is the utter misconception of the romance of marriage that has raised her to a throne that she often shows herself wholly unable to grace. They manage these things differently in Morocco. The grave old pacha pays a good price to her parents for Fatma, and Fatma by that same token he keeps within doors, carrying the key of her apartments in his sash, or entrusting it to a slave answerable with his head. Fatma is pampered as long as she is young, and may even be treated with kindness in middle age. She can eat sweet cakes and drink green tea or sherbet, and deck her comely form in shoddy jewellery; and she can ride to the bath, closely veiled, and get a passing glimpse of the outer world, of which, on marriage, she took leave like any Christian novice taking the veil. And the good Si' Elarbi, her lord, is secure in his household, and would chuckle mightily could he but read of the matters that daily take up the time of Nazarene courts of divorce.

Divorce, forsooth! A good old scimitar, with damascene blade, hangs between two silent timepieces in his inner hall—somewhat dull and blunt, and demanding perchance a second stroke to make doubly sure; yet would it divorce a thoughtless wife more rapidly, more effectively, than the grave deliberations of a whole mosque full of sapient fellow citizens. And Fatma has seen the old scimitar, and thinks it looks best where it hangs, and is circumspect in her glances, particularly when, in the narrow market way, her mouse-colored mule brushes the glossy black charger of the blue-eyed Nazarene riding even then to visit her owner and wondering whether that undulating form on mule-back is set off by a pretty face.

* * * * *

Forth, then, to Si' Elarbi rides the Nazarene, having already visited him

many times, and having in the first instance sent him presents of clocks and preserved ginger and silver-plated trays and ambergris and sweetmeats. The influential Elarbi may or may not make himself agreeable in return in the matter of a privy trading concession down on the ocean coast, where his brother is a mighty tribal chieftain, having power over full five thousand brawny and fanatical Arabs mouthing the Shellah⁹ and willing to barter wrought copper against American rifles, or, better still, to get possession of the rifles and then withhold the equivalent, gaining such time as shall enable the troops of *el Sidna*¹⁰ to swoop down and declare this trading with the unredeemed to be illicit. So long as the Powers mistrust one another, and the Moorish Government (with good cause) mistrusts them all, such irregular trading is certain to proceed. The misfortune is that the importation of more rifles only aggravates the Morocco difficulty; but this is no problem for the simple mercantile mind that wants its honest hundred per cent. on the firearms and then to be quit for good and all of the country.

Beside the scheming Frank rides his interpreter, and before them runs their soldier, clearing the way and every now and again fetching a deft blow with his switch that achieves the love-lock of a Riflian or the pendulous and frothy lip of a camel. "Out of the way! out of the way, O you whose mulish mother is even now vainly kicking at the gate of Paradise! Out of the way for my lord *caballero inglés*, O son of a mother whose consent was foregone! May your father burn merrily in the pit! Out of the way, O bastard camel, mother of slowness, abode of dirt! *Balak! balak! balak!*"¹¹ Thus runs the chant thoughtfully intoned by this precursor, and it is scarcely to be won-

dered at if the welcome he prepares for his patron should at times lack the display of enthusiasm, conveyed rather by wrathful frown and by spitting on the ground and murmuring against being thus ridden down by a Christian within the shadow of the Mosque.

Arrived at the gateway of the great man's dwelling, the party halts, and some moments elapse ere a crowd of lazy slaves and servile freedmen, loafing on a bench and criticising the newcomer, particularly his hat and half-boots, are scattered by the fine profanities of the soldier and interpreter, with whom one of their number is soon busy negotiating the *baksheesh* that shall be his if he instantly conducts them to his master's presence. As a matter of fact, his master is not within, for his chance of driving something of a bargain, already slender enough with the Syrian (who at least permits no one else to rob his own private preserve), vanishes with the clattering of mule-hoofs further up the alley, and the curses of a mangy dame flung against the wall.

In courteous greeting the approaching lord of the garden bends to his horse's neck, but not instantly may his guest follow him within the gates. Fatma, it is true, is absent, but there are other ladies to be warned off to their own apartments, and only after several minutes, with distant suggestion of the opening and slamming (ay, and bolting) of gates, does mine host once more appear in the archway of the courtyard, his somewhat sensual face wreathed in the smiles of prospective hospitality. Enter to him the booted and spurred Lothario from the North, who momentarily feels the disadvantage to which khaki shooting-suit, half-boots, and Panama straw are seen beside the flowing white robes, yellow slippers, and beautifully folded

⁹ A language spoken in the Sus and generally south of the Atlas.

¹⁰ 'Our lord,' i. e. the Sultan.

¹¹ I. e. 'Out of the way! Look out!'

turban of the country. The Moslem motions his guest to a small and comfortable cane chair, and gracefully subsides on an orange-colored mattress beneath a shelf that proudly bears six clocks, all ticking loudly, all marking different hours, recalling to the Englishman a ladies' congress that he once was privileged to witness from a barred *guichet*, when all the fair ones talked together and each voiced a different opinion.

The hour is the hour of the afternoon prayer, and the old Moor is straight from Mosque, where he has recited the holy writings and droned the articles of that wonderful faith of trust and bloodshed, and great possibilities of proselytizing, and of trouble by no means ended with the nineteenth century.

"God be with you!" says the old gentleman amiably; "and I trust that to-day's mails from Bernsara brought you good news of your home." This apparently inane politeness was, in point of fact, a time-saving attack on the main business of the visit; but the Anglo-Saxon had, for all his young fair face and innocent blue eyes, learnt things on his travels, and he astutely bade his interpreter parry the thrust with a polite assurance that his father was quite well (the old kadi wished devoutly in his heart that his visitor's father might, for all he cared, burn in the pit), and that his brother had gone forth to fight his Sultana's enemies. "Who were the enemies this time?" asks the old gentleman. "Not the *Francés*, the nation without a ruler? Not the *Pruss*, who drink much yellow beer—men large in the waist, who ask no indemnities of our lord the Sultan? nor the Italians, nor *Mosko*, nor *Austriaca*? The Dutch? Who were the Dutch? Tradition has it that a Dutchman once embraced Ul Islam and became Wazeer and chief of the army—a false, ingratiating dog, who betrayed

every master he had ever served, and recanted every faith he had ever professed. But nowadays the Dutch trouble us not, and I doubt if there is one in all Maghreb. Still," concluded the old rogue, "it is my wish that your brother's arms may triumph, for are you not my friend?"

At length, after much more exchange of compliment, waning patience, and mutual resolve to give over with fooling, these different types of money-making humanity were on the right footing and came to the business of the day. Quoth the Englishman, per interpreter, "What says my friend's good brother to the syndicate's offer? In what terms has he answered my friend's letter?"

"God is great" answered the gentle Moor, parting his grizzled beard with delicate white fingers. "Two moons ago I had already apprised my brother, the Fki Mnasr, of your arrival from Bernsara, and, lo, he answered not. Only yesterday, though, at the hour of the evening prayer, there rode to my garden a trusted messenger from my brother. O Hmad!"—this summons brought from behind a pillar, where he had apparently been eavesdropping, a coal-black slave, who rolled the whites of his eyes encouragingly on his owner's guest. A whispered order sent this pampered animal away into the house, whence he presently emerged with a letter, oblong and red-sealed, and flanked by two female slaves bearing aloft trays with tea, coffee, cakes and sweetmeats various. Graveiy, and with due attention to an operation so important, the host added mint and sugar to a pot already overflowing in the electro-plated tray. Then refreshment was served. The old gentleman adjusted a pair of enormous round horn-rimmed goggles, and proceeded to read aloud, with a hesitation suggestive of elimination and selection, from the now unfolded letter.

The result, as communicated by the interpreter, who pounced on each completed phrase as a matrimonial detective on a clue, ran somewhat as follows:

"The fifth day of Moharrum in the year 1318.

"God only is great! To my dear brother . . . greetings! May God prosper you and your house! I have pondered over your letter from the English Christian very carefully. I write you very privately that I have made inquiries and understand that this Christian"—(here a pause and some confusion)—"is a very honorable and upright man, one who may be trusted. With regard to the monopoly treaty with the chiefs under me, several of them have assured me that they think it would be well to conclude such a treaty, because . . ."—(another pause follows, and the spectacles are deliberately dismounted, wiped, and readjusted,—"if the Christian can faithfully promise to carry out his part of the bargain, we could do a very good trade. The rifles would be landed on the beach, close to the river, and a number of our men would be there to"—(a short pause)—"receive them and hand over the money."

The good old gentleman here appeared to have read as far as he intended, and was looking intently at his guest and sidelong at the interpreter, curious and concerned to see how far his version had been accepted. His surprise might have been considerable had he understood that concluding comment of the interpreter, to the effect that "the old thief down the coast was probably in league with the Wazeer himself, or had at any rate an efficient band of cut-throats handy to take over the rifles and then slit the vendors' throats."

Asked why he should suspect anything of the kind,

¹¹ Perhaps the udd, or so-called 'moufflon.'

"Because in the first place he did not hand me the letter to read to you myself—it would not be etiquette to ask for it now—and because he paused just as often as he came to any compromising passage not intended for publication." The Englishman was unmoved. "Tell him," he said, "that my people in England have just instructed me to offer Si' Elarbi a very large share of the profits if he will guarantee the payment of the debts. And tell him also," he added, as a happy afterthought, "that I should like you to look at his brother's signature to that letter, that you may know it again as genuine on the treaty."

The old Moor was narrowly watched during the conveyance of the message, and he knew it. Yet that parchment face gave no sign as, calmly refolding the letter and replacing in it his belt, "Know, O my friend," he said, "that my unfortunate brother did grievously hurt his hand when climbing after the father of goats¹¹ a week or two ago; and the letter here is in consequence both written and signed by a *talb*.¹² It would not, therefore, help my friend to recognize the signature if he saw my brother's hereafter."

This naturally settled the matter, and the *bona fides* of both the Sheek and his brother vanished like the smoke from a kief pipe. Yet the Frank sat on, placidly sipping his minty tea in meditative mood, reflecting ruefully on the manner in which diamond had cut diamond; for assuredly if the program of his syndicate embraced nothing more than legitimate commercial smartness, it admitted to that in very high degree. No sign, however, of his thoughts escaped him. "We shall presently have a great and increasing trade," quoth he, "and my friend's share will soon amount to thousands of dollars. How will he have them remitted?" The old fox

¹² A secretary.

thought a moment. It would never do to have his share in this business noised abroad, or very rapidly would his Highness the Wazeer requisition a modest hundred per cent. of the profits. "There is," he said at last, "an old Jew in Rabat, protected by the French. The dog has served me long and well, and I think the dollars might safely be remitted through him. The bastard cur might, it is true, play false, and"—(this regretfully)—"there is no bastinado or cell for a protected subject, even though it be the spawn of the Mella. O, my friend! I will muse deeply on thy generosity, and let thee know in due course how best I may receive the moneys." Whereon the old rascal fell into such a fit of absent-mindedness that the Englishman made an almost imperceptible sign to his Syrian and they took their leave.

Outside the city walls they rode homeward, passing through many gardens in which the bilbl was tuning up for his impassioned love-song, passing a slumbering lepers' quarter, wherein the smitten herd in peaceful orchards of vine and fragrant retreats of lilac. Through the winding gates and the darkening bazaars they cautiously pick their way, and the call to evening prayer sounds from the minarets. And the young moon sails high over the feathery fingers of date-palms; drowsy storks shake from their gnarled bills the remains of a frog supper; everywhere, everywhere is the droning of unseen insects, and the warm musky smell of Eastern spices.

"Allah! Allah! Allah! Give to the poor blind follower of Si' Bel Abbas! Give but a little *fluss*, a little *fluss* to burn a rushlight to the glory of Si' Bel Abbas and buy a morsel of bread; and take for thy charity all Paradise. Charity is virtue! Charity is virtue! Allah akbar!" Allah al wahed!"¹³

This inviting incantation dies away

¹³ I. e. 'God is great!'

in a long low wall, as the mendicant vacantly turns his empty eye-sockets towards the horsemen cleaving the gathering gloom. The Englishman, unmoved by a piteous appeal that he cannot understand, too engrossed in vituperation of the wily El Arbi and his brother pirate on the shore even to see the beggar, rides on; but the soldier, the poor, hard-working Ahmet, whose wage is ninepence a day and his keep, finds time, without slackening his pace, to slip in unobtrusive fashion a miserable coin, yet sufficient in that land for the purposes indicated, into the blind man's aimless, palsied hand. Surely, that charity shall be writ down in golden letters on Ahmet's record page, and he shall enjoy a comfortable space in Paradise, and much sherbet, and a companion with eyes like the gazelle's and a form graceful as the palm-tree. A slight interruption in the flow of curses flowing so generously over the shaven heads of the brothers Wulaffi, rich offerings from both the Syrian and Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, arrives in the shape of a string of camels, against which the little cavalcade cannons at a crossing. The camels are being hustled out of the town just prior to the closing of the gates, and are not therefore disposed to stand on ceremony. Neither is Ahmet. A vigorous slash over a shaggy knee, which nearly costs the donor his right ear, sends the leading ruminant on a kind of barn-dance in a neighboring booth.

"O, Ho!" cries the distressed camel-man (which means "No! No!"), and something else less suited to publication cries the enraged old slipper-merchant in the overturned booth. But the little band of distinguished strangers is through the press; a few bystanders are laughing heartily at sight of their fellows in trouble—always a mirth-provoking spectacle, East and West alike; a few more curse the in-

¹⁴ I. e. 'God is the One!'

truders for unredeemed Nazarenes; and the camel-driver musters his demoralized property, and the old merchant philosophically gathers up his red and yellow footgear, and they are independently and in their own minds agreed that the Christian is a pig, branded with the hall-mark of a shaven chin, and other distinguishing insignia of his clan. But verbally they will come to no accord on the subject, for no slipper-merchant, even when a fellow-sufferer, would converse familiarly with a mere camel-man. Yet Mohammed himself drove camels before his conversion, and camel-men have ere now become Wazeers.

* * * * *

The moon is overhead now, and the party halts before turning into the garden, to look, over a winding river bordered with oleander that masks the abruptness of its precipitous banks, at the distant mountains. Truly, a beautiful evening scene! Yet the Syrian feels the majesty of it only vaguely, and Ahmet notices it not at all. It is the imperturbable Englishman—the shop-keeper, the unromantic slave of Shaltan and *Russ*—who feels vain regrets and memories stirring in his bosom at sight of those earthly giants standing proudly away in the plain. Years ago—that time in Switzerland, and after he had gone down from Oxford—they used to look at the mountains in the moon in this way. Then she had died; and nothing had much mattered afterwards. . . . Yet the spell of listlessness was at this moment broken. The Atlas had recalled the Alps. Some trick of light had made the Northman hanker again after his own land. Ahmet thought of the remaining black olives, and fidgeted. The Moor has no place in his simple composition for the sensation of enjoying scenic effect. A mountain is to him a mountain and nothing more—unless he has to cross it, and then it is also a curse. A river

is contemptible in summer, when the secrets of its bed are discovered by the pitiless sun; in winter, hateful and to be reckoned with, as, discolored with hill snow, it swirls over the slippery boulders and thirsts for victims, man and horse. The bridges of the country are few, for the Moor is never in so great a hurry as to need them. Should he reach the bank of a swollen river in mid-winter, he simply camps, without a murmur, for a month or two, until the waters shall have sufficiently abated to permit of crossing by ford or ferry. Moonlight he views with no notion of romance, but merely as cooler to his skin than sunlight. The stars serve him as they serve the mariner—to fix his course at night; but with their usefulness ends their interest. It is reserved for the cold, matter-of-fact Northern nations to find pleasure in these manifestations of Nature. And thus the Englishman, of a sudden forgetting the perjured El Arbi and the collapse of all those trading hopes that would, until his next letter reached them, burn so brightly in certain mercantile breasts in Cornhill, drank in the silver radiance of the moon and the bubbling music of the bilbil, and his thoughts harked back over ten years of forgetfulness, touching wounds that he had thought healed; then forwards, over the future fate of this Elysium of *dolce far niente*, the greed of Frenchmen, the lamentable indifference or impotence, or both, of his own countrymen.

Another grunt from Ahmet and a yawn from the Syrian recall him to the practical conditions of the present, and he walks his horse on to the Riad Elkazar, that had been his home these two months.

And at last he felt the homesickness strong within him, and in his ears was the cry of the mother-country for the return of the prodigal. That moment of moonlight on a silent river and on

distant summits scorning the level of the plain had done it. The suspicious voiced by his interpreter had shown him that his errand was fruitless, and he resolved to return to Europe as soon as he might safely do so without arousing suspicion of how much he suspected. There are still—Hamdullah!—Eastern countries in which it is unwise to be wise; and these countries are not always the farthest from Europe. Two more visits, each of them marked by more cordial engagements than the last, were first paid to the old pacha; then, unobtrusively and without taking his leave, he vanished at daybreak one morning, with his servants and his tents, into that mirage-covered plain that swallows up so many and disgorges a few at the farther end of the stony tracks, where

the ocean breaks against white sandy beaches and fast steamers make the port of Tangier in three days.

Back, then, went the Englishman to the lands where wines are cheap and women are purchased with diamonds instead of with cows; where God is worshipped and alms are given with much publicity and due credit; where cheating is unfamiliar—its place usurped by pioneering and commercial enterprise and the ministering to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the heathen; where, in short, all the virtues flourish and vice is utterly unknown. Yet many a night, sleeping fitfully in a barbarous climate, there would come to his ears the soft musical cry of the Muezzin:

Prayer is better than sleep!

The Cornhill Magazine.

CHINA.

The eyes of many nations turn on thee,
Dark land of sleep! gauge-point of coursing Time!
For thou art dormant while towards their prime
The younger peoples, better-nursed and free,
With swift steps move. They shape thy destiny,
Assail thy borders, bid thee wake and climb;
Or ring thy knell with loud, world-echo'd chime—
Either to be renew'd or cease to be.

But in the womb of chance what mischance lies,
For thou art cruel in thy strength of sleep,
Inert as death; yet in this seeming death
Mayhap are hidden menace and surprise,
To those who venture on an unknown deep
And call up storms with one united breath.

The Academy.

CONCERNING HOSTS AND HOSTESSES.*

"Society cannot exist much longer; there will soon be only gangs." So to his friend, the late Mr. George Payne, observed Charles Greville. The remark was perfectly natural, on the lips of a man whose social ideas had been formed by the particular experiences of the keen-eyed, sharp-tongued diarist. It is to some extent undesignedly illustrated in the fresh instalments of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's journals. To Greville Society was a narrow province, bordering upon, if not actually synonymous with, the Court, with the Cabinet, with a few chosen representatives of the privileged classes not included in either of those bodies. Greville passed away in 1865; his pen had been busy long after his presence had ceased to be familiar in Goodwood Park or on Newmarket Heath. But the polite world he knew best was that of a generation long survived by himself. Like other shrewd lookers-on of his own standing, he probably thought the only society worth having to have come to an end when the Reform Bill of 1832 became an Act, and its authors, parliamentary well-born Whigs, began to find social rivals in the wealthier among those Radicals whom they had received as political allies. At the time Greville first studied the fashionable polity, whose typical citizen he was, it was seen by him to be a highly-organized system, planned only in the interests of a limited class, or rather perhaps, of a narrow section of that class. It had always possessed, since Greville knew it, a visible, and usually a crowned, head. George III did not more actively control the statesmanship of his times than his

two successors, whose portraits the Clerk of the Council has drawn, personally presided over the social arrangements of their epoch. William IV, with all his absurdities and buffooneries, his lack of kingly dignity, and of many other virtues or graces, exercised over the whole polite world of his time, over its fashions and amusements, a supervision and supremacy as real as had been vested in his predecessor over those special sets wherein, as Regent or King, he specially amused himself. The political philosophers of Old Greece held rather narrow limits to be necessary, not only to the unity, but to the very existence of their city or polity. That was exactly the view of Greville as regards Society. Once make it comprehensive, really representative of nineteenth-century life, then will be completed the disintegrating movement already begun in the removal of a social monarch; the whole affair will fall to pieces; in the diarist's already quoted words, "there will be nothing but gangs."

Greville lived just long enough to witness the mingled truth and falsehood of his anticipations. A House of Commons, only a little less aristocratic than the House of Lords, was, in the eyes of those with whom he consorted a socio-political outwork essential for preventing the irruption of barbarians and all sorts of strange people into the select precinct. The Reform Act of 1832 had given three-fifths of the House of Commons to borough Members; it had destroyed the nomination boroughs, hitherto the strength of the aristocratic party. The English popular chamber has always differed from the Spanish Cortes, and from all other Representative Assemblies of

* Notes from a diary, 1866-8. By the Right Hon. Sir. Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G. C. S. I. John Murray.

Europe, in its close union with the territorial system. That connection seemed fatally threatened by the creation of the £10 Suffrage. More hopeful observers believed that the Chandos Clause, enfranchizing the tenant-farmers, would preserve the balance between the two rival forces; Greville, his fellow-turfites and clubmen, did not. The new ruling-power they saw was what the political slang of those days called the shopocracy. Sir Robert Peel, to whose final ascendancy in the State the Toryism of Greville's time had resigned itself, had already raised suspicions of his readiness to favor, in future legislation, the new power called into existence by the emancipating Act of 1832. All that had recently passed seemed to confirm the earlier apprehension, to which, in the manner now described, the pessimists had given utterance.

How far, at a later day than the prophet cared to forecast, has the prophecy approached to fulfilment? Among the numerical results of the Grey Reform Act was an increase of the English County Members from 82 to 143, and of English Borough Members from 324 to 403.¹ At first the change of the Parliamentary *personnel* was less visible than from these figures might have been supposed. Even into the Victorian Age the classes, to which had belonged the unreformed M.P.'s were those that supplied the choice of the ten-pounders. The West Indian interest was, to some extent, represented at Westminster before, as well as after, 1832. No great change, indeed, could have been observed in the social material of which the popular House consisted, till the period of railway speculation—of fortunes made one day to be lost the next; of those developments, the name of the York

linen-draper, afterwards "Railway King Hudson," is now the memorial; his still-standing house at Albert Gate is to-day occupied by the French Ambassador. At Mrs. Hudson's evening parties Greville and his friends might have seen further signs of the social revolution, in the presence not only of the Waterloo Conqueror, but of Royal Dukes among the guests. As a fact, therefore, the social mixture that began to assert itself during the seasons, about the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, may be looked back to as an innocuous presage of the blend supposed by some to be the unique characteristic of the present day. When he began the closing parts of his journal, Greville no doubt thought his earlier prediction verified, and the gang system fairly established in place of what was once Society.

What Greville really meant by his saying already quoted, and what may be accepted as undoubtedly true, is that, even in his time, Society was becoming, year by year, less exclusively political, and that other interests than those of State affairs promised to constitute the principle of its divisions. That Countess of Jersey, who as *Zenobia*, figures in Disraeli's novel, appeared to Greville the last survivor of the Hostesses of the old *régime*. Her daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers, formed part of the success of the famous Berkeley Square entertainments; when that daughter died the parties themselves naturally ceased. Since then, within living remembrance, there have been few great "houses" specially affected to a single party in the State, with mistresses making it their first business, by their social attentions, to supply the cement consolidating all parts and individuals of the connection into a compact whole. Death has lately removed certain ladies, some of whom had rendered great service to their party, or whose

¹ See the official estimate in the Buckingham Papers relating to William IV and Queen Victoria, vol. II., p. 26.

associations suggest the changes that have taken place and that are yet going forward in the socio-political system.

Few situations could seem more discouraging than that confronting the late Lady Salisbury when her house, after Lord Beaconsfield's death, became the social rallying centre of the Conservative Party. The well-known corner mansion in St. James's Square had, under successive Stanley dynasties, been periodically opened to the average Conservative M.P. and his wife. No Countess of Derby had made any show of rivalling the work of Lady Palmerston at Cambridge House, or—much later—that of Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill. The invitations were purely ceremonial, the functions themselves were, in the old word, merely crushes; the invitations were directed in the handwriting of private secretaries or clerks; they were said to be generally sent out with the whips. As a hostess Lady Salisbury at once redeemed her receptions from these reproaches; her parties in Arlington Street, or at Hatfield, were not only pretty or effective as spectacular effects; their atmosphere was changed with a thoughtful kindness for the guests of all degrees, that distinctly recalled the pervading genius of the Palmerstonian precedents. So far back as Mr. Gladstone's days, Premiers had begun to ask to their State dinners, at the opening of the Session or on Royal birthdays, foremost representatives of science, letters and art. The spirit of this innovation was always visible at the Salisbury gatherings, whose social interest, long before they ceased, had become more bright and varied than anything seen since the Strawberry Hill Saturdays to Mondays. It was really a considerable achievement.

When the rivalry between the followers of the younger Pitt and Charles Fox was at its height, a Lady Salisbury, rivalling on the Tory side the Mrs. Crewe or the famous Duchess of Devonshire of those days, had, in her drawing-rooms, been the social organizer of political triumphs at the polling-booths. Since that time the Whigs long enjoyed nearly a monopoly of social ascendancy and successful entertainment.

About the time of Lady Salisbury's lamented death, passed away another who had filled a notable place among the hostesses of her day. The equestrienne who managed so perfectly her white Arabian thoroughbred in Rotten Row enjoyed a fame which was European between the Great Exhibition period and that which, following the Crimean War, brought so many famous foreigners on visits to England; it was the drawing-room of Mrs. Stuart Wortley, wherein opens the scene of Disraeli's "*Endymion*," introducing, whether designedly or by accident, in his own Christian name, Sidney² Herbert, who was afterwards Lord Pembroke. When the *Morning Chronicle*, the parent of the *Saturday Review*, had been their organ in the London Press, Mrs. Wortley's drawing-room was the chief meeting-place of the Peelites in London Society; long after the Peelite connection had become a tradition, the Carlton Gardens Salon retained a political interest and importance all its own. After the death of the late Lady Stanley of Alderley, Mrs. Wortley could be compared to none of her contemporaries in the effortless art, which for years attracted to her house statesmen whose names were part of English History, as well as politicians just beginning to be favorably regarded in Parliament by their chiefs.

² The Christian name alone occurs in the text, but the context places the identity beyond doubt. So, too, in *Lothair* (see the earlier edi-

tions), the Monsignor Catesby had appeared as Capel.

This was not, technically, a political house. It was the product of a time when the whole genius of Society was statesmanship.

Within the last two or three years new political drawing-rooms have been opened, some of them but too prematurely to be closed. To persons who can recall the social London of the sixties, the retrospect can disclose no figures more imposing in its social groupings than those of the then Lord Lansdowne and the then Lord Stanhope. As hosts for their respective parties, each of these kept together the Liberal and Conservative society of the day. Both, of course, were a great deal more than political entertainers. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Stanhope were each of them literary patrons and forces felt throughout the whole intellectual world as well. Since Lord Stanhope's time Conservatism waited till that of the present Home Secretary for a fresh addition to its social resources. Lady Ridley's drawing-room was the scene of original and enduring party services, which happily connected, by a link of personal acquaintance, the older section of the Conservative rank and file with the new recruits. Neglect of their rising promise is the common reproach against all political parties—their leaders and their hostesses. Twenty or thirty years ago there may have been a good deal more in the charge than has since then become the case. That it has lost its point must be attributed largely to the results of Lady Ridley's social kindliness, tact and care.

Whether, in our days, hostesses, on either side, still retain much of the political influence associated with an earlier dispensation may, indeed, be doubted. Cards for "At Homes" and drums, as such things used to be called, were welcomed by the pre-Household Suffrage M.P., because these enabled him to gratify the social

curiosity or ambition of his women-kind, and permitted them to read their names in the Morning Post next day as among the fashionable company at Lady Paramount's overnight. Such unsophisticated joys have long been outgrown. The wife and daughters of the Member for Dullborough, from the society papers and our London correspondent's ingenious *réchauffé* in the local Mercury, have heard more about the stateswomen on their side than, before 1868, they could have dreamed was to be known. The chances also are that the fine ladies of the Paramount household have become, through other agencies, familiar enough to the Dullborough matron and maidens. Business, or philanthropy, quite as effectually as fancy fairs or bazaars of a few years since, are pretty sure, long since, to have introduced these different persons to each other. The new socio-political organizations of the period, from Primrose Leagues to District Boards and Soup or Blanket Committees have produced a social fusion that has placed the Dullborough dames on terms of intimacy with the wives and daughters of party leaders scarcely less close than with those of the parish rector. It is scarcely too much to say that save for an occasional visit to the theatre, following a dinner at some restaurant, which is the vogue of the moment, a *fête* at the Botanical, or an illumination at South Kensington, the people's representatives have ceased to bring their families to London. The expense of a town house has almost entirely disappeared from the M.P.'s sessional outlay; he himself has a room in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, or in the still more modest precinct of Buckingham Gate. Feminine pressure may constrain him to sanction a trip to London by those who bear his name. They are then deposited for a night or two in some corner of the Suffolk Street *pied à terre*, at some lodging of

a less masculine order, or beneath the roof of a friend's or relative's domicile in town. It is also to be remembered that, by the men, whose personal tastes have exercised an abiding influence on the hospitable arrangements of the London season, political reunions in private drawing-rooms were not regarded with much favor. The Society into which went Mr. Gladstone was academic, theological, literary, but, for choice, as little political as possible. Mr. Disraeli's idea of Society was something that diverted him. The latest of his writings contain the most instructive contrast ever drawn between the dull place, which the early Victorian London was, and the very amusing city which in later years it had become.

The facts now reviewed may explain why, during the London season of 1900, so many political houses have been closed. One after another, the existing representatives of whole dynasties of traditional hostesses cause it to be known that they have ceased to give political parties. In the sense that it is no longer organized upon a political basis, Society, therefore, has ceased to exist; its place is already taken by gangs. The present Bishop of London, writing of fourteenth or fifteenth-century life, has remarked that then Europe, as one knows it now, had not come into being; from the Black Sea to the Atlantic there was one order of Society; of nearly the same composition in all countries, which lived for pleasure or excitement, for war or for sport; there was another class of a very different kind, which struggled to exist. Between the Danube and the Thames may now be found something like a reproduction of the older experience. As an agency for uniting into one social interest the comfortable classes of all Europe, not less than of England, the Turf has long since taken precedence of politics or diplomacy.

The best-known, deservedly the most popular, not less than the most successful of latter-day hostesses, the universally-lamented Madame de Falbe, based her social arrangements on a frank recognition of this development. Nobody ever understood better the polite spirit of her age. At her own home, to the great good of her poorer neighbors, she seemed almost to have taken as the motto for her daily life the opening words of Mr. Disraeli's Manchester speech, which, a generation since, everyone was quoting: "*Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas.*" The two opposite tendencies of practical beneficence, and social enjoyment met together in the parties now spoken of; for the very smartest set of smart Society, thanks to such influences as those of the late Duchess of Teck and of our whole Royal Family, while on one side it is bounded by the ladies' lawn or the racecourse, on the other stretches into the province of philanthropic reform. Smart Society, to use the phrase to-day on so many lips, may, perhaps, be said to consist of good-looking and well-dressed young women, and their friends; beauty, whether in music, art, decoration, or dress and general appearance, is one of the notes by which these coterles may be recognized, so, too, are a systematic restlessness and absence of all conventionalism. Neither the thing itself, nor the expression, would have been so much heard of, but for the fashionable ascendancy of late acquired by the Transatlantic element in polite life.

When Thackeray wrote "*Pendennis*"—for many years indeed, after that—a certain province known as Bohemia, with well-defined limits and a distinct population of its own, had a place in the social map of London. The tastes and attributes, of which this region may have been the earliest home, leaven to-day more appreciably than

has ever before been the case the whole social mass; the district itself no longer boasts a geographical and independent existence of its own. Bohemia, once a place, is now an ubiquitously penetrating influence or fashion. A like fate has long been overtaking the political province of social life on the Thames. An active interest in the issues, aims and conflicts of statesmanship to-day to an extent never known before, is diffused through all classes and all neighborhoods; an exclusively political Society is therefore nearly a thing of the past. Hence the disappearance of the political host or hostess. In that sense only is Greville's generalization verified by events. As a fact, the whole body politic, high or low, seems, in the manner now described, to be a gainer by the substitution of non-political for the political divisions which once separated the social sections. The disintegrating movement has long been operative in the party system at Westminster. That movement is less revolutionary, and more of a reversion to our earlier constitutional use than is sometimes remembered. One need not, therefore, be surprised if while in Parliament a party system is held in solution, its social organization in Belgravia or in Mayfair be in a state of suspended animation also. As a whole, English Society never contained more elements of varied and vigorous vitality than it possesses at the present day. In due time the gangs will give place to new and perhaps better amalgamations than the old.

The organization of the polite world for social purposes on other than political bases is, as we have seen, instructively not less than entertainingly illustrated in the last instalment by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff of his notes from a diary. The earlier volumes abounded in life-like sketches of social reunions and of social leaders, largely

of the political sort. The new book, dealing with a later period, shows the reader the social forces dominating the new epoch. Their interest consequently, though social throughout in everything outside public affairs, is literary or scientific rather than political. During the years now covered by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff there existed in Hertford Street, Mayfair, an host and hostess of that new order reflected in Sir Mountstuart's pages. Of this pair Sir William Priestley has, to the loss of science in Parliament and to the regret of his personal friends, just passed away. Those who knew his London house during the years now looked back upon will always connect its cultured and graceful hospitality with the infusion into London society of some among those ideas and interests which have reorganized, upon the non-political foundation described by the sometime Governor of Madras, the social system which, to Greville, had neither meaning nor attraction, save in reference to politics.

The transition from the older *régime* to that now existing has involved certain organic changes, worthy indeed of some notice, though by no means so serious as they have been occasionally represented. The antagonism between the old acres and the new wealth now scarcely survives even on the stage. In real life those whose social ascent is supposed to have been by a golden ladder during several generations have been thoroughly imbued with all the tastes, fancies, prejudices, fortes and foibles, social or political, of aristocracy. The fusion, since 1863, when the Prince of Wales was established at Marlborough House, effected between the two traditionally hostile elements has long been so complete as to leave small trace of an independent existence on the part of either.

On the other hand, the growing costliness of fashionable London tends to

exclude from its most modish circles a class that could perhaps ill be spared. That phenomenon, however, is not peculiar to the capital. It is to be found in all parts of the provinces; it is but one of the many indications of the changes inseparable from the substitution of commerce for land as a foundation of national prosperity. Everywhere the class of smaller country gentlemen complains of being elbowed out of the way by retired traders whose rural ambitions and whose liberal offers constrain the squires with heavily dipped estates to let their family seats with all shooting rights to the banker or brewer who has grown rich in the country town. County society in most parts of England retains today the same tone and color that it had before County Councils and District Boards were the creations of Parliamentary statute. So it is with that Society in the Metropolis, whose foundation is spoken of as plutocratic instead of aristocratic. No new chapter in our polite development really has been opened. It is the same London, whether in town or out of it, which Charles Greville, George Payne, Alfred Montgomery knew. But while Society has in this way, become more nationally representative, indescribably more cosmopolitan, and, as Lord Beaconsfield found out, vastly more amusing, its entertainments have grown in expense, while the introduction of certain Parisian ways have further increased the financial burdens of the summer on the Thames to a figure prohibitive to whole orders which, in earlier years of the Queen's reign were seldom absent from the capital between the meeting and rising of Parliament. The single item of flowers for the dining-table or drawing-room seems to-day a consideration only less serious than was once a season's rental of a little house conveniently situated for St. Stephen's and Hyde Park. Then there

are the dinners and suppers at the smart restaurants, which, since the closing of the famous Boulevard *cafés*, seem to have been transported from the Seine to the Thames. These places are found by the country cousin of the better sort to be, not only intolerably costly, but invidiously exclusive. Our country gentleman, up for Ascot week, enters one of such *caravanserais* to find all the best places taken a week in advance by some Amphitryon whose very name is as strange to him as those of the South African kopjes which puzzle him in *The Times*. If he secures a seat at another of these establishments a little farther down Piccadilly, at the next table to his there will be a party of golden youth, spending on their menu and wine card what, in his generation, sufficed the middle-aged visitor from the shires for a year's allowance at Christ Church.

Thus, two movements of a mutually opposite character may be noticed in those regions now dealt with. On the one hand the disappearance of the political hostess and of much which that fact implies has given place to a social organization more varied, more truly reflecting the business, the pleasures, the interest and pursuits of contemporary life, for which every reasonably qualified aspirant is eligible—without any voucher from great ladies or other persons of quality, such as used to bar the entrance to Almack's, or to less historic and more modern resorts. If the political hostess were, as she long continued to be, the sole or the dominant representative entertainer, the Society of the period might be in danger of losing much of that present salt which acts as an antiseptic to certain forms of vulgarity as well as of decay. A price like that just indicated has indeed to be paid for this variety. But when one remembers the amount of philanthropic work of perennial as well as practical interest

in the welfare of all classes, and in all efforts for national improvement, but thinly veiled by the surface frivolity, few will think there is reason to regret the division and subdivision of the polite world into those sets which Greville called gangs, but which really testify to new modes of social life, animating, for the most part not unhealthily, the whole constitution of the body politic. As a man of fashion and of society, Greville was a cynosure of his day. No man was less of a trifler, or really looked at life in a more serious light. It was this inborn earnestness of the Anglo-Saxon race which colored Greville's social ideas that has

always operated as a force invigorating alike the varied interest and individuals constituting the complex whole known as Society. That stimulating instinct of the English people is not less active now than in past years. Greville, as has been seen, recognized the natural leader of Society in the wearer of the crown. During the present reign the monarchy has become a synonym for all those manifestations of social beneficence which have attracted, as the career of Madame de Falbe shows, the smartest society itself, and by doing so have made superficial frivolity a serious instrument for national well-being.

T. H. S. Escott.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE SUMMER WIND.

The breezes come, the breezes pass,
And up the glen they run, revealed
Against an overflowing field
Of gleaming, undulating grass.

Like benedictions on the earth,
Like blessings on the summer day,
They make a soul more glad than gay,
And wake a joy more deep than mirth.

The troubles of the town increase;
But here there is no stir nor strife,
And here 'tis good to bring a life
To be persuaded back to peace.

* * * * *

I wish the year contained a day
When none should suffer, die, or weep;
One rest for all upon the steep,
One well for all beside the way.

The town is very tired. Alas!
Its thin smile cannot mask its pain;
And they are rich enough who gain
Cold breezes and a couch of grass.

J. J. Bell.

Chambers's Journal.

LIVING AGE. VIII. 430

DERWENT FINDLAY, Q.C.

Derwent Findlay, Q.C., fifty and furrowed, poked the fire into a blaze and took down an old pipe from the shelf. His window looked into Planetree Court, but the curtains were drawn and the perspective of gaunt houses with the dusty windows saying "Chambers" as plainly as their plain faces could, the uneven flags of the court, the consumptive trees gathering dust and smoke, the consumptive cats, and the old pumps were all blotted out.

Next day the long vacation would commence. There were no briefs in the blue bag under the table, the judge had been jaunty on the bench in full view of a round of country visits, the juniors had been noisy, and there had been the air of approaching holiday which had dimly hastened his pulse for the last twenty-five years.

Findlay, Q.C., had won his case, had added to a long list of victories gained by his peculiar doggedness, had earned his rest, had indeed everything that should have made him content—but he was not. His fire-poking was pettish, his pipe seemed tasteless, the lamp smoked unwarrantably, he was even conscious that the red and green dressing-gown he had purchased fifteen years ago in an Indian bazaar was growing faded.

"Hullo, Findlay, going abroad?" Mervyn had asked—Mervyn, the antagonist always pitted against him in patent cases, and his most intimate crony of private life, and he had answered shortly—

"Don't know. Plans not made yet."

That was the difficulty, he could not settle any point as to his movements. Twenty-four long vacations had found him prepared with plans neatly and

correctly written out on a sheet of brief-paper, plans which for twenty-four years he had carried out conscientiously. There was a sheet of brief-paper on the table, but it was blank except for the heading, very neat and exact, like all of his work, "My plans."

He drew his dressing-gown round himself sharply, and the tobacco jar towards him. To do this he had to turn, and in turning he saw the extent of his room—study, smoking-room, dining-room, in one—for with worldly prosperity he had deviated in no way from the style of living he had practised as a junior. The room was neat and precise with the neatness and precision of a well-drilled charwoman. It looked comfortless, and he saw it for the first time. He filled his pipe quickly, rose and stepped over to the lamp smoking on the table, lit his pipe by it and turned the wick down. Then he went back to his easy-chair, and thrust his slipped feet towards the fire. It had been raining, and although midsummer the night was chill and cheerless.

"Fifty years old—and at twenty-five I was doing just the same, living in the same rooms, prosing in the same courts, going to the same club, eating at the same restaurant in the Strand. Twenty-five years—dear me, what a long time, what a very long time. And all this time I have been quite content to be a machine, getting a little older every year, but otherwise exactly the same for twenty-five years. Now I am beginning to wake up. Oh, it's preposterous!—I am an old fogey, a confirmed old bachelor. I—dear me, it's very curious how her face haunts me. Nineteen years old. Quite a child. Why, God bless my soul, I gave her a

present when she was christened. I remember it perfectly. It was—it was—I have forgotten, but I know it is entered in my diary. Elaine, Dick called her. I remember telling Dick that it was absurd giving her such an outlandish name. Strange that I should think Dick right now. Elaine! A pretty name. 'The lily maid.' Yes—that describes her accurately. And now here's the long vacation before me and—and no plans. It's very lonely here. I have never noticed it before, but it is lonely. I shan't grow younger, and life should be a little easier than it has been. I'm afraid I have missed a very great deal. Fifty, and I have never been in love. Have I? Let me see. Yes, once. It was a long while ago. I don't remember her name. I daresay it's in my diary. She was very fond of peaches. So is Elaine. That's strange. I wonder if all women are fond of peaches."

Derwent Findlay, Q.C., was given to talking to himself. He invariably argued his points alone, addressing his book-shelves as the court.

"The long vacation and that blank sheet of paper. Oh, what a hypocrite I am. I ought to write in very large letters, 'Elaine!' No plans when I have this letter from Clevedon? Why, I went down there at Christmas, and at Easter—that was the time I was reading Machelby v. Gerston & Co., and Elaine helped me make a digest of the brief. And now they seem to look upon my going down to them as a foregone conclusion. And why shouldn't I go? After all I was Dick's best friend, and I am now his widow's sole trustee. Not very well off, but Dick was always reckless. Six hundred a year—what is six hundred a year? I must spend quite four hundred myself and I haven't much comfort. Curious I never noticed that before."

He looked at his dressing-gown. "Ugh!" he said. "Faded!"

He looked at his carpet.

"Threadbare!" he muttered. "Tablecloth spotted, grease, tobacco-ash, ink. Windows dirty, curtains colorless. Armchair rubbed, spring gone, castors rickety. Bookcases dingy." He looked into the fire. "What am I? A faded colorless old bachelor, who has let the world slip on twenty-five years without caring. Life! I really do not think I knew the possibilities of life until—Dear me, dear me, I fear I must be in love with this young girl whose christening I remember perfectly. What would she say to me? Why, even my collars are out of date and—Tomorrow I will go to my hosier, and the next day to Clevedon."

Clevedon is a quiet town on the shore of the Bristol Channel. It is pretty in a quiet way that does not appeal to lovers of piers and bands, more or less strident. Mrs. Buckiston had a quiet unpretentious villa that hung over the sea like a quiet unpretentious plum over a garden wall. There was a large garden and many trees. Elaine, her daughter, was a healthy, bright, English girl, who by the force of circumstances remained poised between girlhood and womanhood. In the ordinary state of things a girl of nineteen would have come into the full kingdom of womanhood. She had been educated at a quiet school, and had remained unawakened with her mother for the eighteen months she had been home. Mrs. Buckiston was colorless, and divided her attention between mourning for her husband and a serene delight in the ordering of her small household.

Derwent Findlay, Q.C., was the one excitement of the Clevedon household. He was more to others than to himself. To others he was the great authority on Patent Law, a man with a princely income; to himself he was Derwent Findlay, and he saw no difference be-

tween the Derwent of thirty years ago and the Derwent of to-day.

"Go, Elaine, and see that Mary has put the clean curtains in Mr. Findlay's room," Mrs. Buckiston said.

"You have told me to do that five times, mother dear," Elaine answered, slipping to her knees and taking her mother's hands caressingly in hers. "I saw Mary put them up myself at eleven o'clock, and it's now four."

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten. I am so anxious, dear. Poor Dick thought so much of Mr. Findlay, and one never can trust in servants. You like Mr. Findlay, Elaine?"

"Oh, yes. He is so clever."

"Just what your father said. He is very rich."

"He ought to be."

"It does not always follow. Poor Dick lost most of his money. It was really inexplicable. He was always finding out such wonderful schemes for making money—but somehow they never succeeded. I wonder if Jane will remember to lay an extra place at dinner?"

"She ought to, mother dear. We have talked of nothing else but Mr. Findlay's coming for the last four days, and I have heard you tell her myself quite a score of times."

"You are cross, Elaine. I am sorry, but your father would have been very anxious that everything should be done for Mr. Findlay."

"I am not cross, dearest."

"Aren't you? I am glad of that. I am so nervous. I am quite sure that something will go wrong. Have you put out the extra napkin ring?"

"My own dear mother, not one single item has been forgotten."

"Such a strange man Mr. Findlay. I never feel quite at ease with him, dear. I heard him talking in his room such a long time one night at Easter. You know what a light sleeper I am. He woke me up. He spoke so fiercely.

And of course there was no one with him."

"He has a habit of talking to himself. I have often heard him. He prepares his speeches that way, I think."

"Poor Dick never did such a thing. Besides, I am almost certain I heard your name."

"My name—nonsense!"

"How like your father you grow, Elaine. That is just what he would have said. I suppose Mr. Findlay's habit comes from living so much alone."

"He has lived a long time alone?" Elaine questioned.

"Twenty-five years. All his relatives are dead. Dick used to say he was one of the most blessed of men. I really don't think my relations ever bored him much."

"Twenty-five years alone," Elaine murmured wonderingly.

When Derwent Findlay, Q.C., rolled up to the little villa on the hill in a local cab that was almost mediæval in design, Elaine met him at the front door, and was particularly kind to him under the influence of his twenty-five years of loneliness.

He handed out a bundle carefully wrapped in oil silk. Inside was another of chamols leather, but that was not visible.

"Take care of it, take great care of it, Elaine. I wouldn't have anything happen to it for the world."

"What is it?" she asked, taking it up very carefully.

"What is it? My immortality. Findlay on Patent Law. I have reached the fortieth chapter. I am beginning to get thoroughly into the subject."

She found its weight very great.

"Have you been long over it?" she asked.

"Long? Oh no. About ten years, that's all. It means a lot of research. I hope to do a great deal down here.

I have my law library coming on in a day or so. It's coming down by goods train. You must help me in this, Elaine."

A fortnight with Elaine as amanuensis, as companion, as everything, completed his subjection and managed successfully to minimize his sense of the disparity of their ages. Elaine, unawakened, readily endorsed the wisdom of her mother's wishes.

"He is an estimable man," Mrs. Buckiston said; "he has a great deal of money; if he should propose to you—and I think he will because he evidently finds you of great assistance in his work, and after all, twenty-five years of loneliness must make any man wish for a change—and you should accept him—of course, Elaine, I would do nothing to influence you in the slightest way, but at the same time I know that poor Dick would have wished it. You will be very comfortable, because I feel sure he is very fond of you, and would deny you nothing in reason."

Elaine felt the truth of her mother's involved arguments, and she waited with the patience of one waiting to do a duty she is neither anxious to do nor anxious to leave undone.

The dénouement came about in an odd room that always looked as though it did not belong to the house, and which Derwent Findlay had chosen for his work-room.

Derwent felt vaguely excited and uncomfortable; Elaine recognized it as an event of the possible, even probable happening of which was by no means an unfamiliar thought to her.

"My dear Elaine," he began nervously; "I am going to say something to you which will probably sound very foolishly in your ears. I have lived a very long time alone, and—dear me, dear me, it's really very unaccountable, but I hardly know how to express myself."

"Perhaps," said Elaine thoughtfully, "you haven't rehearsed it."

"Eh, what?" he demanded, startled out of his nervousness, "rehearsed it? What do you mean, my dear?"

"I have heard you sometimes rehearsing your speeches. I thought perhaps it was because you hadn't done so that you—that you didn't know exactly how to begin."

"Yes—yes," he said, thoughtfully, "it does help. But this I have thought about a good deal. I don't think I recollect any other case which has given me so much trouble."

"Oh, it's a case, is it?" she asked, with surprise.

"Well, it certainly is a kind of a case—but it's not the sort of case I've been used to arguing."

"Not about Patent Law?"

"Not a word about Patent Law. If it were I don't think I should be at fault in opening. The fact is, I have been very lonely for—for a long time."

"Twenty-five years," she said, softly. "It is a terrible long time."

"Eh? Well, well, twenty-five years may seem a lot to you, but after all it's not a very long time. I have had very good rooms, and my club and—Well, my dear, I never realized I was lonely until—until—"

"You saw me."

"God bless my soul!" he said, staring at her. "How did you guess that?"

"I don't know. Go on."

"I don't," he said judicially, "think there is very much more to say—in short, I think that's my case. I saw you and I suddenly realized how lonely I was. When one knows that one is lonely it—it is rather bad, isn't it? You see I began to picture you in my rooms—they are too shabby for you, but it was only fancy—and it made such a difference. It was like catching the country sunshine and taking it all the way up to London and letting it loose in a dusty, shabby old room."

It was quite wonderful. The room changed into home. I—I smiled, and then I woke and—and that loneliness of mine became very apparent."

"I am afraid you are not getting on with your case, Mr. Findlay," she said, unemotionally yet kindly. "I don't think I quite understand what you mean."

"I know what I mean, but it would sound so foolish," he said, ruefully. "I want to join your young fresh life to mine, and I am aware, I am distinctly aware what an old, musty, dried-up man I am. I have let twenty-five years slip by; I have let twenty-five years die and leave their ashes about me. I think I am not a bad sort of fellow at the bottom, and I have got a lot of money which is quite useless to me. Not," he added, quickly, "that that would weigh with you, or that I would wish it to weigh with you; but my wares are so poor that I feel bound to pull them all out and put them before you."

"You wish me to be your wife?" she asked.

"That—that is a very clear putting of the case. If you can't accept the—the proposition—and I really do not see how you can, a wretched old fogey like me—don't hesitate to say so. I shall understand, and after all there's Findlay on Patent Law."

He looked very wistfully at her, all the same.

"It is usual," she said, serenely, "to say something about love."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about it. It seems very wonderful, very like getting up early and seeing the sun rise after a rainy night, or finding out the weak spot in your opponent's opening, and hitting it in cross-examination. My dear Elaine, I was never in love before—that is, only once, and I don't remember anything about her except that she loved peaches. Now! think of it, Elaine, opening the book of romance

after twenty-five years of resting on the shelf among the dust. Even the language is a little strange to me."

"I think," she announced, "that we are not meaning exactly the same thing. I mean that you ought to say you love me."

She was drawing upon the recollection of the novels she had been permitted to read. Her own instincts were dormant. The situation was almost pathetic, but Derwent Findlay was not in a position to appreciate that.

"I have been saying that all the time," he said in surprise. "Why, my dear Elaine, the world is different because I have discovered that it holds you. Twenty-five years I have been in ignorance of what happiness the world can hold, and now—now I verily believe I am frightened because I have found it out. I—I am such an unheroic figure that I know, I feel how very foolish it is of me to think.—But I can't help it, Elaine, I am quite powerless to withstand it. Oh, it's monstrous that I should want to take the very best of the world and shut it up with an old, musty, time-grimed object like myself! And yet—and yet—there are many better fellows than I am, younger, more able to—to slip into your thoughts, to see with your eyes, but not one, not one of them all can love you better than I do. You see I have been waiting for twenty-five years, and it's a long time, and all that time love has been growing outside my door, and now that you have opened it it has rushed in and filled my life."

"You are very clever, Mr. Findlay."

"Not very, I am afraid. Say serviceable, Elaine, say serviceable."

"And very good."

"I? Oh, not at all, not at all. I haven't done anything very bad because—well, you see, I have always been very busy and have had no time. But I am not good."

"And father esteemed you."

"Dick!" he chuckled in a curious manner. "Why, Dick always called me an old fool, and—and said I was a 'stick in the mud.' An idiom, a slang term, my dear Elaine, but very descriptive."

"Well, I think you are clever and good and I esteem you."

"Yes, yes. It's very blind of you, but I am glad, very glad, only, only of course—that is—really it's very presumptuous of me, but I would like it to be a warmer word than esteem."

"I will be quite honest with you, Mr. Findlay. I do not love you."

"Of course not," he said, sadly, "it was preposterous. Think no more of it. An old man like me!"

"But then I love no one else, and I do esteem you, and I esteem no one else but my mother. And—and—I dare say love will come, Mr. Findlay. I shall try ever so hard to love you."

"Yes," he said doubtfully, and looked at his beard, which was streaked with gray, and shook his head.

"And I should like to marry you because—because I know it will be best for me."

Mrs. Buckiston was delighted at the news and overwhelmed Derwent Findlay with reminiscences of Dick. Derwent would have liked to have gone for a stroll in the garden with Elaine, but he was troubled with the thought of propriety. It was such a new phase of life that he felt like entering a court without a glance at his brief—indeed, even far more nonplussed than that.

"Findlay on Patent Law" progressed steadily. Derwent worked patiently at it for two hours in the morning and three in the afternoon, and Elaine sat in the room with him looking up references. There were moments when the elderly man looked wistfully at the girl in the freshness of her beauty. The love that she had promised to acquire did not come very quickly. He was not satisfied with the daughterly

kiss every evening, when Mrs. Buckiston smiled and blinked. It was too regular, and never deviated from a spot just under the cheek-bone, on the left side.

"My dear," he said once, looking up from his laborious writing, "you are not thinking that perhaps you have made a mistake? I—I don't think you seem very happy."

"I am quite happy," she said serenely.

"I was looking at myself in the glass last night, Elaine, and I said to myself, Is it possible that any young, beautiful girl—"

"You think I am beautiful?" she asked eagerly. When she gave up calling him Mr. Findlay as being too formal for engaged people, she gave up addressing him by name at all.

"Of course you are beautiful."

"Not only good-looking but really beautiful?" she persisted, with more animation than was usual with her.

"Really beautiful," he said.

"I read somewhere," she murmured, "that the world was made for beautiful women." She looked out of the window at the blue of sky and sea below.

"And," he went on, taking up the thread of his broken sentence, "I said, Can Elaine ever really care for me? It seemed preposterous, dear, it is preposterous, I am afraid. Is it?"

"I do care for you. You are very good and kind."

Twenty-five emotionless years had left his heart as fresh as it was at their commencement. He was that pathetic hybrid, an old man with a young heart, a man capable of enjoying fully the pleasures of life and barred by years from entering into their possession.

"Yes, yes. I suppose you do care for me. But it is strange." He sighed again. "I have spoken to your mother about our marriage. I should like it to

be soon—so would she. However, I don't see how I can manage it until the Christmas vacation. I have a lot of work this term. And—and I shall have to get a house. God bless my soul, how I shall be cheated by the furniture people! Why, I have never bought any furniture for twenty-five years—except a deck-lounge or two and one easy-chair!"

One morning in the fifth week of the vacation Derwent Findlay came down to breakfast with a troubled face and discouraged look, bearing a letter in his hand.

"I am afraid I shall have to go back to my rooms. I—I have made a discovery."

"A discovery?" Mrs. Buckiston was surprised in an ecstatic manner. "Unpleasant! I know it's unpleasant. Poor Dick was always making discoveries, and they were always unpleasant."

"I know," he answered dryly, "winding-up petitions, El Dorado limited liability companies unable to realize assets, mostly castles in Spain. Mine is not of that nature. I can hardly say whether it's unpleasant or not, except that it will bring to an end a pleasant visit—a very pleasant visit."

"What is it?" Elaine asked.

"I have discovered a nephew, or rather a nephew has discovered me. Of course I have been aware of his existence, but I never really regarded him as a relation. I have never seen him. When his father died—his father was my brother and lived in Scotland—the boy went abroad. He is a painter. At Christmas and on my birthday he sends me a picture. I have exactly fifteen. They are all warehoused."

"Are they good?" Elaine was interested.

"I don't know. I never opened them—they were so nicely packed. He is coming home now and proposes to visit

me. I suppose I must go back and see him. He is my only relative."

"Why not," said Mrs. Buckiston, "why not ask him here? There is the room over the porch. He may not like the paper, but the curtains I am sure are artistic. And Dick was very fond of art."

Allington Findlay was asked there and came, a handsome, sunny-tempered, lazy man, who had ripened slowly in the sun of a pleasant life. His uncle had forgotten to say that he was wealthy, and Elaine was persuaded that he was poor, a struggling artist full of genius, and the victim of cruel disappointments. Her young sympathies went out to him while he was yet a stranger.

"So you're Allington," Derwent Findlay said, when his nephew tumbled out of the cab. "Well, we are the only two left of our family. I suppose we ought to see something of each other in the future."

"My dear sir," the younger man said, "I am delighted to see you at last. I have knocked about Europe for seven years. Whenever I met any Englishman he always said, 'Any relation to the famous Derwent Findlay?' I have been proud of you, and have lived a good deal on your reputation."

Elaine, listening, thought the young man was acting diplomatically towards a rich uncle.

"Eh? Famous, eh? Do they say that of me? Ah, but I'm writing a book now; what will they say when it's published? It's going to be my monument when I am dead, Allington."

"Before that, I hope, sir."

"Yes, yes. Before that, of course, but it's a big work. It's so big that it has blocked me out from the world. When you come to town you must come and see my rooms in Planetree Court. I've had 'em ever since I first settled into chamber practice and gave up running round the country in the

Oxford Circuit. Twenty-five years, Allington, twenty-five years, and hardly a stick of furniture altered."

"And my pictures, sir?"

"Ah, yes—fifteen. I have the receipt for their warehousing. You see I couldn't keep them in my rooms. There was no room, and the woman who does for me is very much attached to some chromos I picked up cheap at a sale twenty years ago."

The nephew laughed heartily.

"There, Miss Buckiston, that is the appreciation the world puts upon the efforts of genius."

"I am sure," Elaine said earnestly, "that your time will come, Mr. Findlay. There must always be a period of struggle before success. In the darkest moments it is well to look forward and catch some of the light which must come."

The artist opened his eyes widely and hid a smile. He had had his success, and there was a little gallery off Piccadilly where fashionable London gazed at his canvases in ecstatic worship. At this he laughed, but the homage was not unflattering to his soul. Yet there was a certain piquancy in meeting a woman who was ignorant of his position and was so charmingly anxious to hearten him. And the woman was fair even beyond most women.

After two or three days the barrister plodding happily at his book began to miss his amanuensis. It seemed to him that she seized upon slight opportunities to slip from the room.

"I suppose," he said, "the weather is very beautiful. Now I should never notice that. I go out for exercise, not for pleasure. I believe I used to be fond of long walks, but that was a very long time ago. Elaine is young. I daresay she likes the sunshine, and I suppose Patent Law may be very wearisome to others. She likes reading novels and poetry. She likes the

sea. Well, well, it's all very natural, only—" He broke off and looked at the foolscap before him which was waiting for the verification of a reference.

In a week Elaine and Allington became very friendly. She used to sympathize with his imaginary struggles, and he found her sympathy, based on fraudulent grounds, very pleasant.

"Go for a walk, Elaine," the barrister used to say. "Allington will look after you. I should like to come with you, only I must get on with that chapter on Barnes's summing up and judgment in *Jones v. The Automatic Feeding Corporation*. It's—it's very interesting."

And Elaine went with Allington, and it suddenly occurred to her that Clevedon was a delightful place.

"You are really going to marry my uncle?" Allington asked once.

"Yes, of course," she answered.

"Do you love him?" he asked abruptly.

"I like him immensely. He is such a good man."

"Yes. He's an awfully good sort. That's the worst of it." And he struck a match savagely and lit a pipe that was drawing beautifully and had no need for it.

She was puzzled by his words, but thought that he meant contrition for his design upon his uncle's goodwill.

"After all," she said, "he is your only relation. It is quite right that you two should be a great deal to each other, you know. And he may be a great deal of help to you in introducing you, and then when you have made a name, a big, big name, he will be proud of you. I am sure that he will be very glad to help you."

Towards the end of the week the barrister began to watch the two young people very carefully. If anybody had cared to watch him closely they would have noticed that he often

had an odd wistful look, which made him seem older than ever. But everybody was so intent with their own pursuits that they did not notice.

He got on rather slowly with his work. He often found himself musing, staring out of the window or at the ceiling, and thinking nothing at all of Patent Law.

Towards the end of the second week Elaine and Allington went out sailing just after lunch, and Derwent Findlay, Q.C., went into the odd-shaped room to commence a new chapter. He worked for two hours—worked and mused—spending a great deal more time thinking of Elaine than of the intricacies of a famous case upon which he was working. Then it suddenly dawned upon him that he had great difficulty in seeing.

"It's quite dark," he said. "It's really most extraordinary. Not five yet and quite dark! I—I can't be getting short-sighted. I've always had good eyes, and after all fifty's no age, no age at all. Eh? What? Who's there?"

Some one had knocked at the door, some one threw the door open jerkily and came in in a flutter of alarm—vague, weak, feminine alarm. It was Mrs. Buckiston.

"My dear Derwent," she cried breathlessly, "have you noticed the storm which is brewing?"

"Storm—eh? Where?"

"It's as dark as night."

"Dark! Storm? Thank goodness!"

"What? And Elaine on the sea?"

"Elaine! I never thought of her. I thought—never mind what I thought! Elaine! On the sea and a storm! Come! We must go. Elaine! O God!"

He went out of the room Mrs. Buckiston following, wringing her hands. He went out of the house bareheaded, and the wind came and smote him. There was a blackness over the land. Out at sea were light lines in the heav-

ens, and the waves were running in, white-crested, to break on the pebbles of the beach.

He hurried down a steep way to the shore, stumbling, shuffling, slipping, but with no thought for its steepness. On the beach were a few long-shoremen watching a light boat battling with the waters. Mrs. Buckiston followed him at a long while, consumed in finding a securer way.

"My good men," he said tremulously to the boatmen, "can we launch a boat? I will give any sum to launch a boat. I must go to them!"

"No boat could be launched in that surf, sir," said one of them.

"It must be!" he cried. "I—I will go alone if none will come with me. I used to be a strong rower. My God!" he added, with a sudden burst of emotion, "I can't stand and wait—I can't!"

"There's a fishin' smack after her," the man said. "She'll do a power more good than you or I. Bill Perkins is in her—Bill's a bloomin' good sailor."

The barrister watched the drama intently, watched the little craft battle and the smack growing nearer.

"Lor' 'elp me," said the boatman, "but that gent knows 'ow to 'andle a boat. 'E's a well-plucked un, 'e is!"

In a dream Derwent Findlay, Q.C., watched, watched until a cheer which sounded a long way off, but was really at his elbow, marked the saving of the two dim figures by the smack.

He was on the pier when they landed.

"God bless you, Allington!" he said, but the artist wrung his hand and passed on. "Elaine! Elaine!" he cried, with no other words at his command, and she smiled through white lips, but looked after Allington hungrily.

That evening the barrister watched the two very closely, saw their studious avoidance of each other, noted how their eyes sought each other, and turned aside when their glances met.

In his bedroom he paced the carpet from the window to the door.

"It was too late," he said. "Twenty-five years ago it might have been different, but now it is too late. I'm old, quite old. It is natural—they can't help it, and thank God! Allington is a good fellow, a damned good fellow!"

There was sunshine in the garden in the morning, sunshine which filtered through the trees and made lacework of light upon the grass.

Derwent Findlay sought out his nephew.

"Allington," he said, "come with me. I want to talk over matters with Elaine and you—you must come. She is sitting on the seat under the chestnut."

"Sir, I cannot," Allington answered.

The barrister passed his arm through the younger man's.

"Yes, Allington, you must humor your uncle. We have only just found each other, eh? Gad, after all we are the only ones of the family and—come!"

They found Elaine with a piece of work idling in her lap.

"Elaine!"

She started and looked up.

"You—you have run away from me—from the Patent Law, eh? You are a truant, eh? God bless my soul, I ought to be angry, eh?"

"Indeed—"

"You must not interrupt. I—I am putting my case. There has been a mistake somewhere, eh? Those twenty-five years have come back with a rush. I tried to forget 'em, but they won't be forgotten. Yesterday you—you and Allington were face to face with death. Then you found out what I have seen for the last few days. I am an old man. I have really no business to be

thinking of—of being married and all that at my time of life. You are young, Elaine, and—and it is no good linking a young life to an old one. It would never work, never. Stop, don't say a word. It would be very uncomfortable for us both. Here's Allington. He's a good fellow—he is my brother's son. And he is young, there are no twenty-five years to come thrusting their noses into his life; he hasn't accumulated dust and old-fashioned notions. You found out that you loved each other yesterday. Oh, yes, I know. I—I have learnt to see in the last few weeks."

"Sir," said Allington.

"No, don't say anything, just take her hand. There, that's better. I—I have made rather a hash of the case, but my judgment's right now. You must be very good to her—but there, you love her and she loves you, and—and it's all right, eh? I will give Elaine away. Why, bless me, she might have been my daughter. If—if I had understood I might have had just such a daughter now when— Isn't it lucky we found out the mistake in time, eh? God bless my soul, I wonder what Mervyn would say if he knew. I haven't made such a mistake for years. There, not a word. Oh, I'll make it right with Mrs. Buckiston. She will be pleased. I am glad."

When he got back to his room and his work on Patent Law, Derwent Findlay looked at the pile of papers and at his books.

"I never knew that the law was so dry and musty, and full of ashes until to-day. God bless my Elaine; she has shown me a little of the sunshine of life, and it is well that I have seen before I go over to the great majority. God bless Elaine—and Allington."

Walter E. Grogan.

THE FUTURE OF THE PROGRESSIVE NATIONS.

Apart from its immediate political and military details, the sudden conflict of China, not with one foreign Power but with all the great Powers of Europe, and the United States of America, is an event of a singularly interesting and singularly suggestive character. It may be taken as a symbol of the beginning of an event which both the philosophical and religious thinker must have long waited for as one demanded by the fitness of things in the great drama of human civilization. Sir Henry Maine, discussing democratic theories of progress, insisted on the fact that what is commonly called progress is not, as many superficial theorists argue, a phenomenon in any way characteristic of the human race generally; but is on the contrary exceptional and confined to a small portion of it. He pointed out, with impressive and caustic eloquence, that the vast populations of the East, which form still the bulk of humanity, are not only out of sympathy with our Western dreams of progress but regard the very idea of change with hostility and intense disgust; and he argued from this fact that the millennium of universal democracy, to which European enthusiasts look forward as the inevitable destiny of mankind, is a feverish and foolish fancy.

In present circumstances it is well worthy of consideration whether these difficulties, which stand in the way of a belief in the ultimate triumph through the world of the civilization of the Western nations, are not beginning at length to be dissolved by the chemistry of events—by a process which may prove extremely slow, but which nevertheless is now visibly beginning. It is unnecessary to remind the most careless student of history that the

causes of war, so far as the Western nations have been concerned in it, or the causes which have threatened to produce it, have during the latter portion of the nineteenth century been, to an increasing extent, causes which have had to do with the relations between the civilized Powers of Europe—the Powers which are distinctly progressive—and the stationary or semi-civilized races, which are overwhelmingly more numerous, and occupy a larger portion of the habitable surface of the globe. The fact is one which deserves a kind of attention deeper than that which politicians are accustomed to give to it. The political events and the political complications in which it manifests itself are rightly and inevitably uppermost in the minds of practical statesmen. But behind these events and developments of the hour, the day, the year, the fact has other and deeper aspects, which appeal to those elements of larger thought and philosophy, that, to a greater or less extent, exist in the minds of most of us. For these multiplying points of contact between the progressive minority of the human race and the stationary or semi-civilized majority, and the political events arising from them, are not isolated phenomena, and are not accidental phenomena, in the sense in which many conflicts between the civilized Powers may be called so. They are not due, for example, as was the war of American independence or the war between France and Prussia, to causes which might have been obviated by sound policy or neutralized by astute diplomacy; nor are they due to the exceptional activity of exceptional men such as Napoleon. They are due to causes of a wider and inevitable kind, which neither genius,

nor diplomacy, nor sound statesmanship, nor religion can resist. They are due fundamentally to that astonishing and inexorable process—the growth of population amongst all progressive races—and behind this process lies another which preceded, and which also accompanies it—the development of the mechanical arts, of the means of travelling, of transmitting news, of diffusing education, and of stimulating thought. Owing to these causes, the progressive races of the world are no longer merely progressive, but they have come inevitably to be expansive. Take the case of our own country. Not only has the growth of population in these islands resulted in a constant overflow of emigrants to other portions of the world, but the bulk of the population which still remains at home has become notoriously and increasingly dependent for the means of subsistence on other, and on distant countries; and the significance of this fact is increased when we remember that by the word “subsistence,” all political thinkers agree to include, on behalf of even the poorest classes, not merely the necessities of life but a growing portion of its luxuries. However much some people may try to shut their eyes to the fact, the corporate income of any closely populated country, the population of which is advancing at once in numbers and in its standard of living, can only keep pace with their national requirements by a corresponding growth in the volume of commodities for which other countries will give it their own products in exchange, or by the establishment in other countries of a certain proportion of its citizens.

The inevitable tendency of progress amongst the progressive nations is to make the entire world economically one single country, whose various districts are becoming more closely dependent on one another. The sparsely occupied

regions are becoming like wastes and commons, which, in the interests of all classes, must sooner or later be enclosed, and the non-progressive and semi-civilized nations are coming to occupy the position of a half-educated lower class, which the progressive nations, alike in its interest and their own, must gradually educate and subject to the laws of progress, and compel to bear its part in the maintenance of a common life. In other words the progress of the progressive nations is becoming increasingly identified with the civilization of the semi-civilized nations—a process which, whatever it may be else, is on its material side invariably economic and commercial. Thus the impact of the progressive nations on the unprogressive and the semi-civilized and their constant endeavor to force themselves into sparsely populated countries, which of late have been the main cause of war and international complications, are, we repeat, not causes of a transitory or accidental character. They are causes which are world-wide in their operation, inexorable in their tendency, and must necessarily continue to influence the destinies of the human race beyond the farthest horizon of time which can be reached by reasonable calculation. This process, however, though its proximate origin is economic, is not one which will be only or even mainly economic in its results. Economic processes, with military force subserving them, are the physical basis of civilization, just as the brain is the physical basis of thought; but they are not civilization itself. They carry with them the civilization of art, of politics, of philosophy and of religion—the civilization which centres itself in the idea of what man is and what is the meaning of his existence; and together with the material impact of the progressive nations on the non-progressive will come the collision be-

tween Western thought and Oriental—between the religious ideas of the Buddhist and the Mahomedan and the religious ideas of the nations which have risen under the influence of Christianity. What will be the result when Eastern thought and Western meet in this intimate manner on a ground that will be common to both, it is not possible to say. The present religion of

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the West had its origin in the East; and just as conquered Greece gave conquering Rome its art, so once more may the spiritual ideas of the East have some un conjecturable effect on the spiritual ideas of Europe. But whatever may be the result, we may assure ourselves that we are now at last listening to the overture to a new act in the drama of human history.

THE ART OF WRITING FOR CHILDREN.

It was a child who said of a neglected heap of latter-day nursery-books—which to the grown-up mind looked attractive enough to please any child's fancy—"They are very nice, only I don't want to read them. Everything is all right, except the story." And then, struck with a sudden inspiration, added: "Couldn't you make up a proper story about the pictures?"

Child-like, she had gone straight to the point, and had put her finger on the spot of failure when she said: "Everything is all right but the story." It is the story that fails. It has lost the art of holding the children's attention, because it is, for the most part, above their heads. The truth is that the author of to-day, however clever he may be, and however good his intention of amusing the youngsters, will never gain their affections until he has lost the trick he has fallen into of keeping his eye on the grown-up audience while he is telling the children stories. They must have his whole attention or he will lose theirs. If he would succeed in his task he must give himself up unreservedly to his legitimate audience, and enter into their world and their moods,

By doing so he will find that his task becomes far easier of accomplishment. He will not be handicapped by all those many things which prevented him letting his imagination have full play while his eyes rested upon the critical grown-up audience.

Think what "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" would have lost had their author kept his eye upon the grown-up audience, instead of giving himself to a world peopled by little folk, who saw nothing strange in rabbits talking, mock-turtles weeping, and pigs turning into babies, and who accepted strange creatures like the Jabberwock as calmly as they did the imperiousness of a Queen who ordered massacres with Royal indifference as to whether they were carried out or not. It was an ideal audience and one to inspire an author. For, even if the children saw nothing of the whimsical adherence to the forms of logic in the stories of Alice's Adventures, they nevertheless revelled in the quaint mixture of sense and nonsense which so exactly hit their childish level and caught their fancy, holding them entranced with its dreamlike unity. The stories possess very much the same at-

traction that the old fairy stories have always had for children. For all their topsyturvydom they are simple, and deal with life as they themselves view it.

And simplicity has always attracted children. It was no gorgeous description that attracted them to the household tales of the Brothers Grimm, and afterwards to Andersen's legends. It is the simplicity of the tales that charms them, they feel that they are the real thing and they instinctively know that there is nothing stagey or affected about them. They are intelligible and easy of comprehension by the child-mind. The stories enter on no wild flights of romance, but run easily and smoothly among everyday paths of life, so that it requires no great imagination to follow them. They are the tales of the common folk handed down from a period long before the dawn of history, easily understood by man and child alike. Moreover, they are not extravagant or out of proportion, and this is a point that children appreciate, for they have a larger sense of proportion than "children's writers" suppose.

Most children infinitely prefer Grimm's stories of the Geese Maidens and the shepherd lads set in their native surroundings to all the glories of gilded palaces and the Eastern gorgeousness of the "Arabian Nights": in very much the same way that we prefer the Mab and Puck of Shakespeare in their woodland homes to Herrick's fairies, for all the glories of Oberon's palace, or his Temple "enchased with glass and beads."

For children lack imagination pure and simple. They can elaborate anything they have seen or heard minutely described until it is well-nigh unrecognizable, but the power of creation or grasping anything to which they possess no former clue is a flight to which they do not easily rise. The

wonderment of the new idea stupefies them. They prefer to play their stories among the scenes with which they are familiar, to groping in their half-furnished minds after those strange mis-shapen ideas, high and fantastical with which the grown mind amuses itself.

If a topic or conception be in essence above a child's range, no amount of simplicity in the treatment will make it interesting to him. Children also like plenty of action in their stories. They are such restless beings, they must be up and doing; they love to hear of fighting dragons, rescuing princesses, and—with the exception of high-strung nervous children—they revel in "bluggy stories," as did the little hero in "Helen's Babies." Stories of giants who would make their meals off the favorite hero (who, in spite of his undoubted superiority of wit and wisdom, his manly beauty and his somewhat ostentatious virtues, is invariably despised by his family, and sent to seek his fortune as best he can), have always and will always attract the infant mind; while of Biblical stories nothing appeals as strongly to the juvenile taste and imagination as the story of David and Goliath, except, perhaps, the slaying of Abel by his brother Cain. How many times these scenes have been acted in nursery theatricals will never be known.

Perhaps one of the strongest tests of popularity that can be applied to a storybook is whether it is considered sufficiently interesting to be acted in the nursery. "A good acting book is worth all the others put together," was the verdict of a schoolroom critic who had views upon the subject of juvenile fiction. Certainly, this love of mimicry in children should not be overlooked by the stormers of the nursery library. And here, again, the grown-up audience will have to be entirely put aside, and the author be

prepared to give explicit details as to how everything is done.

Half the popularity of "Robinson Crusoe" is due to the fact that there is so much doing in the book, and such minute details are given as to how everything was accomplished. Had the author kept his eye on the grown-up audience while he wrote, he might, and very probably would, have left out the greater part of the book—the very part that makes it intelligible to children—leaving it to the imagination of his readers. But, fortunately, he realized that the child's experience was too incomplete to supply the in-

formation, and that it was beyond the scope of childhood to imagine all the resources open to Crusoe. It is this art of getting in touch with children that writers of to-day lack. The adults will keep coming between the story-teller and his audience and spoiling the tale for both.

Let him who would write for Youth go to the old authors, and try and discover the secret of holding the child's fancy. Else, for all the attention of the best authors of to-day, the art of simple story-telling, which is the attraction of men and children alike, will soon be lost.

The Academy.

SINCE WE SHOULD PART.

(Founded upon an old Gaelic Love Song, and to an air in the Petrie Collection.)

Since we should part, since we should part,
The weariness and lonesome smart
Are going greatly through my heart.
Upon my pillow, ere I sleep,
The full of my two shoes I weep,
And like a ghost all day I creep.

'Tis what you said you'd never change,
Or with another ever range,
Now even the Church is cold and strange.
Together there our seats we took,
Together read from the one book;
But with another now you look.

And when the service it was o'er,
We'd walk and walk the flowery floor,
As we shall walk and walk no more.
For now beneath the starry glow,
While ye step laughing light and low,
A shade among the shades I go.

The Spectator.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

